Toronto Saturday Night.

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Around Town.

The large majority by which the by-law was carried on Saturday is an evidence of Toronto's progressiveness, faith in itself and confidence in its future. Nor must it be forgotten that it was something of a protest against the censorship assumed by the *Telegram* which, if it had its way, would edit Toronto at the corner of King and Bay streets, and have no one in authority save those who pay tribute and say prayers at that shrine. Toronto has passed the period when any newspaper can be the town pump from which people must drink or go dry.

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I hear opposition is springing up in the Council to the idea of having commissioners to look after the erection of the Court House, but as the people understood that it was to be so managed, it would be a breach of faith to change the plan now that the money has been voted.

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It is unfair to presume that commissioners will be appointed who will countenance extravagance or consent to any impropriety in the expenditure of the money which has been voted. No doubt the honorable office will be sought for and efforts made to secure it but if we have any confidence in the City Council we may be sure that an unimpeachable effort will be made to secure men in whom the city will have confidence. We need not imagine that the city will be able to unanimously unite upon three men, but we may be sure that the three men selected will be worthy of the charge which is given to them, and no matter who they are public confidence should be theirs until they have ceased to merit it.

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The recent elopement of a street preacher with another man's wife and the frequency of such things suggest a few remarks on the tendency of excessive self-repression and enthusiasm to finally burst through barriers which by every consent should be a restraint upon us all. If I were to select the most likely people to furnish elopements and social scandals I think I would take street preachers and those itinerants who, under a great pressure of enthusiasm, go out to denounce sin and preach righteousness without being specially fitted for the task. These men as a rule are recent converts who feel that they have a duty to perform and, undisciplined and eager, proceed to its accomplishment. The jeers and jibes they receive are such that the most disciplined and well-prepared would shrink from. The good they accomplish is so meagre, their life is so full of discouragement, that one can easily imagine them becoming faint-hearted and believing that both they and their commission are a failure. I believe their intentions as a rule are good, but they undertake too much and are carried beyond their depth. Beginning to sink they grasp at any allurement which promises peace or excitement for the moment. For this reason the task they assume should be given into the hands of veterans and church discipline so provdies. It is well understood that only those who have toiled long and endured the heat and burden of the day can stand the discouragements which come to those who in public places strive in God's cause and for humanity's sake.

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I was sorry to find at a recent meeting of the Council some prominent clergy engaged in opposing the offer of a well-to-do citizen to provide sacred music in the park. I can see no reason why a band playing the beautiful things which have been written for sacred occasions should accomplish anything but good, in those pleasant places where our public liberty provides that the Salvation Army and street preachers shall have their say. In the Queen's Park this sort of thing permits Atheists to revile the name of our Saviour and to sneer at the virtue of the immaculate Mary, where the most infamous things are said in the name of free thought, and the most unbelievable things are urged as specimens of religious belief. There, too, drums are beaten and horns blown with the most excruciating disregard of music, but when the best equipped bands of the country are offered as exponents of sacred music, the aldermen, with few exceptions, vie with one another in trying to sit upon the suggestion and spurn the one making the suggestion. Now, why should Dr. Potts and Dr. Thomas for instance, engage themselves in the task of condemning this proposal? Wherever Dr. Potts preaches a paid organist plays on an expensive organ and a more or less paid choir proceeds to sing sacred music to the glory of God. In Dr. Thomas' church one of the most expensive and proficient organists in Canada presides at the instrument. No one presumes that he does it for love or that he would play the organ if it paid him as well to stay at home and take a Sunday siesta. What difference, can any one tell me, is there between this and a band playing sacred music in the park? Why should preachers be in our public council protesting against this sort of thing unless it be, like Demetrius the imagemaker, they are afraid that their craft is in danger and desire to shout the greatness of Diana of the Ephesians lest popular worship be at some other shrine. If the preachers did their duty they need have no fear that their churches would be deserted for band concerts in the park, for the charm of human oratory, vivid thoughts and the power of the Word, which they are supposed to express are beyond the competition of a brass band. While preachers preach for large salaries we may expect them to fear brass band competition, but when they preach God's word and do it to save souls they need not be alarmed at the braying of trombones nor seek shelter in appealing to popular prejudice. When they preach about vernal bowers and whispering zephyrs and have no greater attraction than the grouping of polysyllabic and sweet sounding words they may well feel that they have to seek safety for their calling and themselves in the prevention of other public expressions of sacred thought and spiritual ideals.

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Why is it that the preachers of Toronto are afraid of competition in island places, boating, and picnics in High Park? Were the crowds that Paul preached to, were the Romans, Ephesians and ancient audiences debarred from attending the sports of the arena that Christian preachers might force them to listen? Has the old story so lost its power that by-law and statute we must fill the churches which would be empty were secular pleasures permissible? Have we arrived at the point when we shall attempt to legislate people into the tabernacle in order that those who refuse to go about seeking souls may have an opportunity of doing God's work? Has legislation achieved so general a scope that that which was once done by those who sought the sinner shall now be done by the gentlemanly and high priced advocate who has office hours in the church and must be sought by those who are spiritually ailing? Degenerate are the times when the parsons seek to preserve the masses by forcing them to come and hear instead of by laboring in season and out of season to go unto them and preach. If the Ministerial Association were to formulate Christ's message it would not be: "Go into all the world and preach unto them;" but instead it would be: "Woe unto the world if they do not come and listen unto us." Has there ever been a greater travesty of a godly injunction than the present vain endeavor to create a protective tariff in favor of the churches?

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I am most surprised at Dr. Thomas, for he is a liberal and broad-minded man. True, the Baptists are strict Sabbatarians, and as a rule they are better versed in the Scriptures than any other body. As a church they oppose religious education in schools, believing that it is the duty of religious people to afford Christian instruction to their children at home. Within my recollection in this body, extremists went so far as to object to Sunday schools because they believed it was an attempt to shift the responsibility of the parent to irresponsible teachers. The Baptists once held that nothing could excuse the failure of Christian parents to teach the Bible at home nor palliate the offence of failing to carry to other homes the message which we are now content to deliver to those who are fit to gather together. In modern days they appear to be more willing to delegate to the pastor and Sunday-school teacher the instruction which it was once the habit of parents to impart to the little ones themselves. Differing as they do from other churches which hold that infants may be baptised and thus come within the fold of Christ without understanding the reasons or necessity of such an obligation, it was and is particularly incumbent upon them to prepare their offspring by teaching and scriptural knowledge, that when they arrive at the age of discretion they may of themselves seek the fellowship of the church and assurance of the fatherhood of God. The effort of pastors to legislate into their Sunday Schools or churches those who find it more pleasant to listen to the sighing of the trees, to the whispering of the winds and the music of the waves, than to the pealing of the organ, or the platitude of a high-priced preacher, or the cheerless singing of a dissatisfied choir will eventually excite derision. I believe to-day that people are not made good by depriving them of the chance of being bad. The more we try to force them, the more we entrust our souls to the protection of someone appointed for the purpose, the more careless we become of our individual duty and the more reckless of the great obligation to be good ourselves and to do our share to make others good. I would suggest to those who fail to do their duty in the pulpit, that they cannot compensate for this failure by acting as a delegation to a city council.

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I do not mean by this that we should go into temptation, or fail to remove stumbling-blocks from the path of the weak or thoughtless. The latter is one of society's first duties, but beyond this the community is evidently being pressed to go, and Ald. Dodds is right when he points to the reaction which is sure to follow.

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With puny hands these men are endeavoring to dam a stream that spiritually and personally they feel unable to resist. The tide which bears down upon the little clods and stones they are struggling to build across this channel cannot be resisted though it may be directed. When the Brooklyn bridge was first built the architects discovered that there was a certain amount of swaying which they endeavored to stop. So vast was the structure that it was feared that this swaying, accelerated by the motion of those who would daily cross it, might wreck the bridge. Every effort was made to stop the movement until at last the chief engineer discovered that their efforts were fruitless and the only thing that could be done was to direct the swaying. It is so with that great bridge over which people seek to pass into the great hereafter. Human passions cannot be killed, the swaying of the human mind cannot be stopped, the great thronging of human impulses cannot be nullified, but all these things can be controlled. As the engineers directed the movement of the Brooklyn bridge by a few cables and ropes of wire, so the movement of the human soul can be directed by the pulpit if they but study it as engineers studied the swaying of the great bridge. The little dam that parsons are trying to build across the stream of time will be swept away and the flood of the great tide of impulses will receive but additional force from having been witheld by the fretful hands of men who know not the force or meaning of that which they seek to stop. The people will have Sunday street cars because they are necessary to the social and family life of city people who have no day but Sunday in which to have their little reunions, and if by any clerical organization they are made unable for a time to procure sacred music in the parks they will by and by insist upon more than that; they will have secular music in the parks and then we will be sorry that by arbitrary measure they were made restive. Let our preachers try directing human impulses in proper channels and their duty will be better done than by attempting to dam a flood which is as irresistible as the wave of time: it drives everything except divine power before it.

Never since the time the *Mail* declared that if a revision of our system cannot be brought about Confederation must go to smash, has the thing been so plainly stated as by the *Globe* of last Wednesday which says "The Jesuit Act must go or Confederation must go. Protestants cannot, and Catholics should not, submit to what the maintenance of the Act will signify." The *Globe* has apparently been in sympathy with the Citizens' Committee and has clamored loudly for the signing of petitions for the disallowance of the Act. Now that the petitions have been circulated, they are impressed by the fact that the form is improper and that it "cannot be signed by electors true to the principles of responsible government." I cannot see how any petition for the Governor-General in Council to disallow the Act can be true to "responsible government." By our farce of monarchial power the Governor was supposed to be in favor of allowing the Act, his Cabinet has unanimously advised him to let it become law, parliament by an overwhelming majority has supported the administration in their view, and all that can be done is to test the constitutionality of the Act. If it be unconstitutional it can be disallowed by the Privy Council; if it be constitutional it must become law. The only thing that remains for us to do is to change our constitution. It seems a very simple formula, but I believe it is the only one under the *Globe's* own advice that "we must be true to the system of responsible government." If "responsible government" is irresponsible let us change it; if our constitution be in error let us amend it. We certainly cannot act as good citizens and petition for the violation of any law that exists.

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While speaking of the *Globe* I am constrained to admit that it is becoming more radical every day, insomuch as the secular organ of the Presbyterian church, it is free to admit "that there are some parts of the Westminster Confession of Faith positively unscriptural." Perhaps in a few years from now it will get over to the view that human hands should not form creeds and that those who accept the gospel of Christ and are satisfied with the only confession that was demanded in those olden days, that "Jesus Christ is the Son of the living God," have confessed to all that we have any right to ask and that any man has a right to answer to the elders of his church. The first thing to be decided is what right have churches to formulate creeds. The next thing is, even if the majority accept them, have they any right to fetter the opinions of the minority? So long as we confine ourselves to the old questions and are satisfied with the only answers that are given us in scripture, human duty in church matters must be accomplished and the remainder is between a man and his God, not between a man and his bishop.

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We cannot view enthusiasm, particularly the enthusiasm of youth, with anything but pleasure. He who has the power of forgetting trouble in the exhilaration of viewing the rosy hues with which his imagination tints the future, is particularly fortunate—for if the past contains nothing and the present is somewhat cheerless, the delightful visions of the future supply us with that which is sufficient to compensate for the troubles of to-day and disappointments of yesterday. But we must not forget that enthusiasm is not evidence and that a sanguine temperament may be coupled with poor judgment. It is almost cruel to suggest, and yet it must not be omitted that men who are not hopeful often declare their belief in a rosy dawn in order to cheer the dejected. The successful fakir is the man who can make another believe that he can obtain something out of nothing. Mr. Peter Ryan, who was addressing the Reform Club on Monday evening, may possibly be enthusiastic, he may be of an extremely sanguine disposition, or he may belong to the class which for its own advantage endeavors to convince people against their judgment. When he suggested that the Liberals of Toronto will at the next election give Mr. Mowat two supporters I am of the opinion that he was talking through his hat. I see no reason except the legislative enactment which has given the minority a representative, for believing that they will have any representative at all. Toronto is prosperous, but it has the Reform Government to thank for nothing except the Parliament buildings and they weren't given for Toronto's good, but because they were absolutely necessary for the transaction of public business. The addition of a large number of names to the voters list by means of the Manhood Suffrage Act will not be a very decided gain to either party, but Mr. Meredith deserves the credit of it insomuch as he was its original promoter in this province. This city is strongly Protestant; the Mowat Government is not. The city strongly favors Protection; the Mowat Government does not. It will need a great revulsion in popular sentiment to bring about the election of two supporters to Mr. Mowat and I don't know where the revulsion will come in. I think Mr. Mowat should be very well satisfied if he gets one supporter in a city which divided as other cities and constituencies are would give him nothing.

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The collision of the two steamers in the St. Lawrence river, which occasioned the drowning of eight people, and the complaints of the officers and men of the Cynthia that they received neither sympathy nor succor from the people on the shore, gives us a pretty fair idea of the "great heartedness" so much vaunted by those in the sister province. John Coates, the chief officer, in the press despatch complains in strong terms of the lack of Canadian hospitality, but I would like to know where in Ontario shipwrecked mariners, dripping and exhausted, would have been treated as they were at Point Aux Trembles. It is to be hoped that Canada's reputation for hospitality and humanity will not be established either by the conduct of the *habitant*, or what appears to be the heartlessness of those in charge of the Polynesian. In the latter case it was the conduct of men who had an injured ship to take care of; in the instance when the people on the shore refused to assist the shipwrecked, it was pure heartlessness.

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It is being pointed out that a great deal of the fuss made on behalf of Quebec Protestants is unappreciated by those upon whom we have been wasting so much sympathy. Protestants of the Lower Province are apparently well satisfied to be the horse upon which the majority shall ride. While we are kicking up a big shindy in Ontario they seem to be content, and even when an election offers an opportunity of entering a protest their vote and influence is with the government which has allowed the Jesuits' Estates Bill. While we may regret that they have not spirit enough to resent what is not only a provincial but a national injustice we must remember that they are so surrounded that the man who becomes conspicuous as an agitator against Ultramontanism would be marked, and his business and political prospects would suffer. The majority is so great, the influence is exerts so strong, the power of the dominant faction so overwhelming that the life has been crushed out of both Protestants and Protestantism. It is the duty of Ontario to see that this sort of thing does not come to pass in this province and even if there be no danger it is still our duty to make it impossible for any minority to be bulldozed in any province. The bitterest fights are often excited by the spectacle of a weakling being imposed upon by one who has neither right, sentiment nor chivalry on his side, and it is exactly this sort of thing which is aggravating Ontario.

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Lieutenant-Governor Campbell was rather unfortunate in his remarks at the opening of the Exhibition of the Ontario Society of Artists, last Wednesday, at the Canadian Institute. He is reported as stating that this country was yet too poor to encourage art in any worthy manner, and advised Canadian artists to use their pencils in designing and mechanical drawing. This was certainly a slight, and should have been avoided, even if the circumstances may have suggested it. Because Canada does not yet appreciate the Old Masters, or pay liberal prices for the work of its artistic sons, it certainly is no reason why every artist should become a house painter, or leave his easel to paint patent medicine advertisements on country fences. And yet this is what Lieutenant-Governor Campbell's words must be construed to mean. There is no great room for designers. Our manufacturing industries are in a somewhat primitive state, and architectural and textile designs have but a poor market. Because we have a small market and Canadian literature has a somewhat limited sale, does it follow

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that those who aspire to literary distinction should become bookkeepers or address-writers of envelopes and wrappers? A number of Canadian artists have achieved distinction. Unfortunately for us they have gone to a more appreciative clime, and just so long as disparaging remarks are made by gentlemen who have the honor to open affairs like the Ontario Society of Artists' Exhibition, so long may we expect the speedy emigration of the most worthy ones. Canada is too new a country to produce as great artists as those of Italy, France and England; but it has a little school all its own, a taste of its own and subjects of its own, and has made itself felt. Praise, then, rather than discouragement should be given to our "painter fellers," for they are certainly worthy of it, and their exhibition is an exceedingly good one.

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How different in tone was the earnest and eloquent address of Rev. Principal Grant at Association Hall on Tuesday night in his lecture on "Australia and Canada viewed from an educational and political standpoint." It is pleasant to hear that Australia appreciates Canada as a strong nation and is willing to be a sharer with it in one national life. He reiterated what we have already heard that while the national life of Australia is essentially British there is fast developing an Australian nationality. Australians are the most aggressive travelers that one can meet. They are louder in their praise of their country and depreciation of all other countries and peoples than the vociferous Yankees themselves. They are proud of being Australians and can teach us Canadians a lesson in asserting ourselves. His account of the Australian system of education was very interesting. The Australian Minister of Education is an absolute ruler, insomuch as he builds and repairs school-houses, hires, pays and dismisses teachers, and assumes entire control of instruction, but this is a style of administration rendered necessary by the sparse population in rural districts. The cost of education thus falls entirely on the State and is equal to about $20 per pupil per annum. There are no separate schools in Australia. The school system is secular—there being no such thing as religious instruction. I quote from the report of his speech: "The Roman Catholic Church is clamoring for separate schools and the Presbyterians would be willing to make the concession provided they should be afforded religious instruction in the national schools." He was asked was the Ontario school system accepted by the people as a satisfactory compromise. Mark his answer. "The Church has made separate schools in Ontario the lever for acquiring further concessions, and consequently the system is not a satisfactory compromise." Hear! hear! The Presbyterians of Canada may now see the strength of what I have been urging in these columns week after week, that they must blame their attempt to introduce religious teaching in the schools for the present progress of the separate school system. So long as we have religious instruction of any kind in our schools, we may have reason to suspect Protestantism of wanting to unload upon the school teacher the education and the propaganda of Protestantism, and we have no right to criticize Roman Catholics for avoiding such schools and organizing institutions where their school teachers will have the same chance for Catholicism. Till we adopt the Australian system we will be simply playing into the hands of Roman Catholicism, and it pleases me beyond expression to have Rev. Principal Grant pointing out to Presbyterians their responsibility in this matter.

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Again there are rumors of cheaper gas and Alderman Shaw and his committee deserve credit for the efforts they are making to reduce the Consumers' Gas Co. to a proper sense of what they owe to the public. The attempt on the part of this wealthy and aggressive organization to get permission to open the streets for electric wires should be opposed. The company is so wealthy that it would be easy for it by cutting the price of electric light below its value to get rid of its competitors and leave the city at the mercy of the gas section of the monopoly. Next week, if I have space, I want to go into the figures and show how the last legislation the city obtained has been made worse than inoperative as a protection against the greed of the company. Certainly no new privileges should be given them if it can be proven that they are carefully evading the spirit of their charter and the later enactments controlling it.

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Society.

The fashionable world has made a great *fete* of the three performances of the Harmony Club. For the matinee I cannot speak since I did not see it, but on the evenings of both Friday and Saturday of last week the whole of the orchestra stalls and a large portion of the dress circle showed an array of beauty and of gallantry. *Tempora mutantur.* A few years ago a dress coat or a pair of well-shaped shoulders *au naturel* were rarities to be criticized and wondered at, except on a few gala nights throughout the season, so that in those days such houses as those of last week would have been a much greater contrast to the general run than they were this year. While in many public matters and much to its advantage, Toronto has copied the cities of the United States, its society seems to be following English customs. In New York people rarely dress for the theater, and the auditoriums of New York theaters are in consequence about as unattractive a sight as any in the world outside America. Nowadays it is eminently the fashion in Toronto society to dress for the theater, or indeed for any amusement at all to which they may go in the evening. This was the case, however, on May 17 and 18. The pageant in front of the curtain was as brilliant as that on the stage, so that the audience welcomed any brief cessation of their interest in the stage, which enabled them to direct their opera glasses to the house, and the really long interval between the two acts seemed all too short.

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Music and playing have been commented on elsewhere, but I should like to say that if Miss Gilmour wishes to try her fortune in soubrette parts, nay more, if she essays to light the "sacred lamp of burlesque," and becomes an actress of the Corinne type—with a little training her success is assured, and I prophesy that it will be great. Already, at her first appearance on the boards, she has much of the recognized business, and only a few feats, chiefly of agility, will have to be learnt. This lady was excellent—so excellent that she made her small part a big one, and was overwhelmed with bouquets and wreaths.

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I would like to write of the choristers (feminine of course) but their charms are beyond the powers of my halting pen. They are in my opinion always the greatest attraction of an opera played by amateurs. In a professional chorus, beauty is often to be found, but extreme refinement is seldom added to it. It is in the combination of these two qualities that lies the exceeding charm of a chorus of lady amateurs. Programmes and daily papers have given the names of these delightful actresses, and of their lovers both pirates and policemen. It is my duty to record some of those whom I saw in the front of the house and who so well adorned it. Very many of the following ladies and gentlemen were at the Grand on both Friday and Saturday: Mrs. Kirkpatrick of Chestnut Park and Kingston, Mr. and Mrs. Percival Ridout, Miss Marjorie Campbell, Mr. and Mrs. Harcourt Vernon, Mrs. Stephen Heward, Miss Mabel Heward, the Misses John Boulton, Mr. and the Misses Rutherford, Mr. Gamble Geddes, Sir Fred and Lady Middleton, Colonel, Mrs. and Miss Dawson, Colonel and Mrs. Grassett, Mr. Albert Nordheimer, the Misses and Mr. Hamilton Merritt, Mr. Reginald Thomas, Mr. and Mrs. Smith, Miss Montague, the Misses Spratt, Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Torrance, Mr. and Mrs. Rene Gamble, Mr. Harry Gamble, Mr. Frank Jones, Mr. Goldingham, Mr. John Morrow, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Dickson, Mr. Shanly, Miss Manning, Mr. Kenneth Moffatt, Mr. and Mrs. Lewis, Miss Monaghan, Mr. and Mrs. Cattenach, Miss Brough, the Messrs. Small, Miss Small, Captain Macdougal, MissInce, Mrs. Fitzgibbon, Miss McCarthy, Mr. J. Ince, Miss Hawke, Dr. Odgen Jones, Mr. Wallace Jones, Mr. Tilley, Mr. and Mrs. Charles of Hamilton, Mr. and Mrs. Crerar of Hamilton, Mr. and Mrs. Ramsay Wright, Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Cameron, the Misses Attrill, Mr. Ross, Mr. and Mrs. Gordon Mackenzie, the Misses Beatty, Mr. and Mrs. Nordheimer, Mr. and Mrs. Barnett, Mrs. Arthur Spragge, Dr. and Mrs. Grassett, Dr. Strange, Mr. and Mrs. Hooper, Colonel Otter, Mr. Wyld, Mr. Stewart Morrison, Mr. John Thompson, Mr. and Mrs. Alan Cassels, the Messrs. Cawthra, the Misses Walker, Mrs. Crowther, Mrs. Frank Mackelcan of Hamilton, Mr. Henton.

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After the matinee on Saturday, those members of the Harmony Club who were taking part in the opera, without removing paint, powder or even wigs, dined in a room reserved for them at Keachie's restaurant. The jollity of the time-being actors and actresses at this dinner was only exceeded at the supper after the evening performance tendered them by Mr. Albert Nordheimer, the president of the club, at Coleman's. Here, in turn, Mr. Nordheimer, Mr. Thompson, Signor D'Auria, the chief policeman and the major-general proved himself each an orator. Besides the performers, many other guests enjoyed Mr. Nordheimer's hospitality, and it was only the consciousness that Sunday morning had arrived that broke up the party. Iolanthe is talked of as the next opera which the club are to undertake.

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General Sir Frederic Middleton, Capt. Wise, his popular A. D. C., who have been the guests of Col. and Mrs. Dawson, left for Kingston on Monday last to attend the funeral of Major Short.

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The praises of the late Major Short have been sung by all the Toronto papers, and invariably they have been dated from "our correspondents" in other cities. But without the military circle here, as well as within, Major Short was widely known and warmly esteemed. There was probably no more generally popular officer, either of the militia or of the regulars, in the whole Dominion. He was one of those men whom one could not know for a few minutes without feeling drawn to him. His wit was rare, and he must have been the darling of his mess, as he was the darling of the dinner table at which I met him, and yet his witticisms and his *bon mots* were never at the expense of his friends or acquaintances. Although he had served for some years in the school where it is most easily acquired, he was entirely without any sort of military swagger, and his wide popularity had never in any way spoiled him.

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It is one of the evidences of the earliness of summer this year that already some of the most enthusiastic votaries of Muskoka have sought their favorite hunting grounds. I believe however that the visit of Mrs. Osler and Miss Robinson to Governor's Island, Lake Joseph, is to be but for a short period.

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Mr. and Miss Jackson of New Orleans were in town this week. The better kind of American visitors always meet with a good reception in Toronto society, but that Southerners are sure to make themselves particularly welcome, all of society who have met Mr. and Mrs. Jackson will allow.

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It is a pity that the annual match of the Toronto Cricket Club against Trinity College on the pretty grounds of the latter, took place on the Queen's birthday, when society is for the most part winning or losing gloves and money at the Woodbine. At the latter place Mr. Tilley's four-in-hand, with its "dream of fair women" must have been a noticeable turnout. But more of it—the races and their other attendants—next week.

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Mrs. Cameron's ball was a fitting close to the festivities of the Queen's birthday. If many bumpers of the king of wines which were quaffed in her honor, will give Her Majesty long life, then Mrs. Cameron's brilliant entertainment was as loyal and patriotic as it was delightful. Details will be given next week.

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The annual games of the Toronto Model School took place in the Normal School grounds on Thursday. There was a large attendance. Prizes were distributed by Mrs. G. W. Ross, Mrs. E. F. Clarke and Mrs. Thos. Kirkland.

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Much interest was taken in the annual games of the Upper Canada College boys on Friday of last week. The prizes were awarded by Miss Marjorie Campbell. Among the many present I noticed Mayor and Mrs. Clarke, Mrs. Percival Ridout, Miss Hawke, Mrs. Fitzgibbon, Miss Mabel Heward, Miss Allie Heward, Mrs. and Miss Small, Miss C. Lash, Miss Manning, Mrs. Widmer Hawke, Miss Buchan, Mrs. G. W. Torrance, the Misses Morgan, Miss Addie Wadsworth, Mr. and Mrs. Bunting, Mr., Mrs. and the Misses King Dodds, Mrs. W. H. and the Misses Beatty, Miss Mabel Bright, Mrs. G. W. Badgerow, Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Berkeley Smith, Mrs. Brouse, Miss Julia Denison, Miss Mabel Denison, Mrs. Larratt-Smith, Miss Violet Larratt-Smith, Miss Dixon, Miss Mabel Ruthven, Miss Trixie Hoskins, Miss Christie Maroon, Miss Cameron, Miss Laurie, Miss Tempest, Miss Jones, Miss Maud Hime, Miss Scott, Miss Connie Jarvis, Miss Aimee Jonson, Miss Macdonald, Miss Maule, Mrs. Galbraith, Miss Ella Gimson, Miss Weatherston, Miss Fisken. Mrs. Dixon received her own guests at tea, towards the close of the afternoon.

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Among the visitors at the opening of the Ontario Society of Artists' exhibition I noticed Sir Alex. Campbell, Hon. G. W. Allan, Hon. G. W. Ross, Mrs. Ross and Miss Birdie Ross, Commander Law, Mr. and Mrs. Cattanach, Rev. LeRoy Hooker and ladies, Mr. and Mrs. John Page, Mrs. J. W. F. Harrison, Mr. J. L. and Mrs. Blaikie, Col. Fred. Denison, Miss Ross, Dr. Baldwin, Ald. and Mrs. Ritchie, ex-Ald. and Mrs. Piper, Mr. W. G. and Mrs. Storm.

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The sweet sixteens are looking forward with anxious expectation to the At Home to be given by the college boys on June 22.

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A well-known musician in Montreal, Mr. Oscar Martel, has received a letter from Carnens, France, informing him that his stepdaughter, Dame Hortense Leduc, has become heiress to 22,000,000 francs, or about $4,000,000, through the death of Mr. Hedell, a millionaire. The fortunate heiress, who was born in Montreal, is well known in musical and social circles in that city, especially since her marriage with Mr. F. J. Truhme, from whom she has since been divorced.

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On Monday evening there assembled a large and fashionable audience on the occasion of the second concert of the Conservatory String Quartette Club. The performers did well and were applauded to the echo. Mrs. Dorsett Birchall was presented with a beautiful basket of flowers after her rendition of Tosti's Venetian Song. Among the familiar faces in the audience were noticed: Hon. G. W. Allan, president of the conservatory, accompanied by his daughter, Miss Audray Allan, Mr. Alex. and Miss Marling, the Misses Meredith, Mr. and Miss Birchall, Miss Allie Heward, the Messrs. Heward, Mrs. and Miss Hoskins, Mr. Andrews, the Misses Dallas, Mr. and Mrs. T. D. Harris, the Misses Harris, Mrs. Todd, Mr. George Burton, Miss Cumberland, Mr. and Mrs. Galbraith, Mrs. and Miss Langtry, Miss Gelkie, Mr. Jarvis, the Misses Marling, Miss Fannie Armstrong, Mr. and Mrs. Fisher, Mrs. and Miss Robarts, Mr. and Mrs. Scadding.

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Miss Berta Macdonnell from Montreal is the guest of her aunt, Mrs. McClean of Beverley street.

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Miss Lindsey of Ottawa is staying with Miss Adeline Wadsworth of Huron street.

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On Saturday Miss Louise Weatherston entertained a few friends and a pleasant little evening was spent.

*

Mr. Victor Armstrong is out of town for a few days' holiday.

*

Mr. Edin Heward is expected home by the Sarnia early next month.

*

Invitations are out for a garden party at Summer Hill, the residence of Dr. Larratt-Smith, on June 1. The entertainment is Miss Larratt-Smith's farewell party, as Mr. Mitchell, her *fiance*, lives in the North-West, and she is to be married early next month.

*

Why is it that the average Canadian girl longs and sighs for that journey over the herring pond? A great many have really no love for travel. Perhaps it is a mirage of Parisian bonnets and English beaux, that draws their ambitions to that world where both are plentiful.

*

Last Saturday afternoon one of the most enjoyable At Homes was given at Prof. Hirschfelder's lovely suburban residence in Rosedale. The arrangements were perfect in every respect. The Italians discoursed sweet music on the lawn, while the guests refreshed themselves with the delicacies, provided with no sparing hand, in a handsome marquee erected on the lawn in front of the house. Among those whom I noticed on the lawn were Sir Daniel and Miss Wilson, Mrs. S. C. and the Misses Wood, Capt. and Mrs. Hooper, Mrs. and the Misses Maule, Mrs. Edgar Jarvis, Mrs. and Miss Langtry, Miss Hooper, Miss Fuller, Mr., Mrs. and the Misses Eddis, Mrs. and Miss Cox, Mrs. Stupart, Mrs. Galbraith, the Misses Alley, Mrs. S. M. Wood, Mrs. and Miss Patterson, Miss Ireland, Mr. and Mrs. J. Enoch Thompson, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Bourlier, the Misses Gelkie, Mrs. Kerr, the Misses Scott, Mrs. Davies, Miss Georgie Scott, Mrs. and Miss Aylesworth, Rev. Mr. MacKlem, Rev. Mr. Nattress, Dr. Geikie, Messrs. Harry and Paul Jarvis, Wood, McMillan and Percy Maule.

*

The Baptist clergymen of Toronto will banquet Rev. Dr. Castle in the Sunday School hall of Jarvis Street Church on Thursday evening, May 30, at 7:30 o'clock. This expression of respect and appreciation of the eminent services Dr. Castle has rendered to the Baptist Church in Canada will doubtless be largely attended by others than those who belong to the Baptist denomination. Among those who have been invited as the guests of those giving the banquet are Rev. Dr. Cavan and Sheraton, Sir Daniel Wilson, Revs. Price, Body, Septimus Jones, Dr. Potts, Hugh Johnston, D. J. Macdonnell, Kellogg, Parsons, John Burton and Hon. Alex. Mackenzie, Hon. G. W. Ross, Hon. John Macdonald, W. B. McMurrich and many others. A limited number of tickets have been issued, and may be had at Byrie Bros., jewellers, Yonge street, at one dollar each. On Wednesday evening Dr. and Mrs. Castle were presented with addresses and splendid gifts by their old friends.

Art and Artists.

On Wednesday morning the seventeenth annual exhibition of the Ontario Society of Artists was formally opened at the Canadian Institute by His Honor the Lieutenant-Governor in the presence of a large number of artists and visitors. The room used by the Society is on the second floor and is much too small to show to advantage the number of pictures which are crowded into it. Many good pictures are skied, or floored, or placed in a light which deprives them of half their charm. Notwithstanding these drawbacks the exhibition made a decidedly favorable impression on the most of those who saw it. There is little doubt that it contains as many meritorious works as any collection this society has ever shown. Canadian artists seem to be awakening to the knowledge that insincere and careless work will not go down with the public, and, if now the Canadian public would awaken to the fact that good work is being done under its very nose by men and women who cannot exist on thin air and beauties of nature, there would be a boom in the art of this country which would be a benefit to its industries and a credit to its taste.

*

Judging from this exhibition, Ontario artists are weak in figure drawing. In the two hundred pictures at the Canadian Institute there are not a dozen in which the human figure in action or repose is the leading feature. And in the few compositions in which figures are prominent, many of them are not well drawn. Some of the small figures introduced into landscapes, otherwise fairly well painted, look more like broken backed scarecrows than human beings. A figure is put into a landscape to animate it. A scarecrow makes it ridiculous. The array of landscapes in our exhibitions, relieved only by a handful of portraits and figure subjects, would lead anyone not familiar with this country to suppose that it was still "a waste, by plough unbroke," whereas our picturesque fields and great forests teem with all kinds of animal life, from man downward, for the painter to transfer living to his canvas where they may give to the peoples of other lands a glimpse of our national life, or remain here, as historical chronicles of the pioneer history of Canada.

*

By reason of going earlier to press, on account of the holiday this week, and the pressure of other matter, I am forced to hold over the criticism of the paintings till next Saturday. This will give an opportunity for a more careful study of the pictures.

*

Mr. A. D. Patterson informs me that he has been unable to exhibit anything at this exhibition on account of being abroad during the past year and having disposed of all his work in England.

*

Mr. Homer Watson has a picture in the Royal Academy's exhibition in London this year.

VAN.

The Kentucky Minstrels.

The Kentucky Minstrels, under the leadership of their popular musical director, Mr. M. de S. Wedd, held their final entertainment of the season in St. Andrew's Hall, Thursday evening, May 16. This differed from their previous entertainments in that it was of a purely complimentary nature, and the crowded state of the hall showed how well their previous efforts had been appreciated by those who had had the pleasure of hearing them. The audience, in which the fairer sex greatly predominated, was to a large extent in attire more adapted to a ball-room than to a minstrel show, but rumors of an impromptu dance had no doubt a great deal to do with this apparent incongruity. The opening chorus by the company—In the Evening by the Moonlight—was excellently rendered, the voices blending to a degree seldom attained except by professionals, and was loudly applauded. The solos of Messrs. Wedd, Beckton, Armstrong, Thompson and Webster were very well rendered. The most successful points in the performance were the jokes. They were new and spicy and one did not require a microscope to see them. The musical specialties displayed much originality, as did also Mr. M. de S. Wedd's personification of Topsy. The performance concluded with a farce entitled A Night at Hanlan's Point, the principal characteristics being a parody on a traveling side show, brass band with Zulu and fat woman attachments, all of which combined to make a most ludicrous performance. After the strains of God Save the Queen had subsided, and the greater part of the audience had dispersed, the floor was quickly cleared and dancing indulged in till about one a. m. Among those present were noticed Mrs. Wedd, Mrs. H. P. Beaty, Mrs. Bright, Mrs. Gillespie, Mrs. Arkle, and the Misses Bright, Wood, Murray, A. Arnold, Henwood, Powell, Hamilton, Hall, Dixon, Fuller, Scott, Ruthven, Wedd, Lightburn, Macdonnell, McMurray, Staunton, Temple, Strathy, Jimson, Hime, Read, Stewart (Hamilton), Dupont, Barrett and others; Messrs. McMurray, Chadwick, Robarts, Broughall, Conway, Atchison, Bigbane, Henwood, Galbraith, Maule, Schofield, Spilsbury, Harvey, Shaw, Macdonnell, Murray, Hemming, Swabey, Hall, Logie (Hamilton), Wilson, Wedd, Brunell, Armstrong, Strathy, Morton, Piddington and others.

*

One Marriage a Success.

Wise Father (to married son)—You are living very nicely, I see; but are you saving any money?

Wise Son (whispering)—Yes, but don't tell my wife.

Jones' Smart Boy.

On returning home from his office, Mr. Jones found his fifteen year-old boy, Tommy, in the front garden playing marbles with a strange boy of about his own age. "Bill," said Tommy, "allow me to introduce you to my father. You two gentlemen ought to know each other."

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Good Reliable Goods at Moderate Prices
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Excursion to Paris
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First-class throughout, including hotel expenses, $165.
Send for programmes.
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To which inspection is invited.
The Dressmaking Department is worthy of notice also, being under able management.

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We make up White Tennis Suits at
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Fancy Stripe Tennis Coats made to order
A LINE IN STOCK AT $2.50 EACH
See Our Assortment
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(Formerly of No. 1 Rossin House Block.)

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High Grade Non-Magnetic Swiss & American WATCHES
Gold and Silver—Wholesale and Retail

The Dukes of Newcastle.

According to latest advices from London the Duke and Duchess of Newcastle returned to town from Cannes, where they had been spending a portion of their honeymoon, just prior to Easter. Later, His Grace went to Clumber to superintend the decoration of the church he is building there, and to make arrangements for the reception of the Duchess at Clumber, which takes place this month, and yet gossips say that an action for divorce is being talked of although the honeymoon is hardly over. At the time of the Duke of Newcastle's marriage three months ago there was a considerable amount of comment of not altogether a pleasing nature about the match, and both Major and the Honorable Mrs. Candy were subjected to a good deal of hostile criticism. The fact is that the young Duke, although most respectable and sensible, is crippled and deformed to such an extent as to render him unfitted for matrimony. Miss Candy, who is a young, robust girl, for three years has been a prominent figure in the hunting field of her neighborhood, and is devoted to sport of every kind, and her tastes are in absolute contradiction to those of the Duke, which lie in the direction of church and ecclesiastical matters. Tall, fair, with blue eyes and a well-shaped figure, she presented a curious contrast to the bridegroom when they stood together before the altar of All Saints', Margaret street, in London, and there were many whisperings and ominous shakes of the head on the part of those present. Nothing but misery, the croakers then declared, could be the outcome of matching such a young girl full of health, vigor and life, to a poor little creature whose appearance evokes sympathy wherever he goes, and who, when at Eton, was permitted the use of a pony cart in consequence of the difficulty which he experienced to move about on his feet.

It is doubtful whether in the whole English peerage there is a family which has been so sorely tried by continuous misfortune as that of the Clintons, the patronymic of the Duke of Newcastle. The grandfather of the present Duke, who accompanied the Prince of Wales to the United States in 1862, met with every kind of domestic affliction. His wife, Lady Lincoln (for she never became Duchess), ran away from him, and when a divorce had been granted, married a Belgian, one Opdebee by name. His eldest son, the late Duke, married the beautiful Miss Hope. The latter years of his wedded life were a misery to himself and a scandal to all concerned. Ruined and disgraced he died at length, pitied by a few and sorrowed by no one. A few weeks afterwards, his widow legalized by marriage the somewhat questionable relations which had subsisted until then between herself and Mr. Tom Hohler, a fourth rate tenor whose presence in the ducal household had been a source of unending misery to the late Duke until the day of his death. It is however only right to the dowager Duchess to add that the Duke did his best to seek consolation in the genial society of a burlesque actress.

The brothers of the late Duke and uncles of the present bearer of the titles were equally unfortunate. Lord Albert Clinton, who was forever in debt, met his fate in the person of Mrs. Stotherd. This lady, who was the daughter of the well known banker, Dean of Winchester, had been married when quite a child to a Captain Stotherd. The union was, however, of short duration; for while on his way out to join his regiment, stationed at Halifax, Captain Stotherd lost his life in a terrible shipwreck, his wife only being saved by a miracle. Returning immediately to Paris the widowed Mrs. Stotherd met Lord Albert Clinton, and within a few months became his wife. By some extraordinary fatality the Clintons, in those days at any rate, seemed to be unable to keep their wives to themselves. So one fine day Lord Albert, who was a godson of the Prince Consort, awoke to find that his spouse had left him to seek refuge in the arms of the late Sir Claude Scott, an amiable but weak-headed baronet, who eventually drank himself to death, Lady Albert going on to the stage in Belgium as an opera bouffe actress. Lord Albert himself died five years ago quite alone and away from his family, in Thurloe square, suffocated by an extraordinary meeting of the glands of the throat, and in a state of absolute penury.

At The Reception.

Mr. Bigged—I declare, the people in this house are very tiresome. They have been boring me to death with questions no one could answer.

Miss Minnie Ball—Perhaps you wouldn't be so troubled in that respect if you didn't pretend you knew everything.

A Figure Puzzle.

The following is a very curious puzzle. Try it, all of you:

Open a book at random and select a word within the first ten lines, and within the tenth word from the end of the line. Mark the word. Note the number of the page and multiply the sum by 5.

Then add 20.

Then add the number of the line you have selected.

Then add 5

Multiply the sum by 10.

Add the number of the word in the line. From this sum subtract 250, and remainder will indicate in the unit column the number of the word; in the ten column the number of the line, and the remaining figures the number of the page.

A Stir in the Village.

City Man—I should think that you would find life here very dreary.

Villager—Here? I can assure you this is a pretty lively place for its size.

"I should not suppose from the looks of things anything ever happened here"

"That's where you're mistaken. Why, it ain't two weeks since we had an eclipse of the moon."

Traveling.

Among its many other distinctions the latter part of the nineteenth century may be aptly termed the age of travel. An experienced and discriminating traveler is to be distinguished nowadays by his dress just as readily as is the correctly dressed person in any other social channel. He will, generally speaking, be found wearing a suit of Scotch tweed or cheviot. The coat should be a three button cutaway, of the pattern ordinarily known as an English walking coat. The four button sack coat is also worn a great deal among travelers, it being an easy lounging and comfortable coat. The stock of Scotch tweeds and cheviots imported by the fashionable west end tailor this season is especially adapted for traveling purposes, and he invites his many patrons and friends generally to call and inspect his stock. He has also received a full assortment in light flannel goods for tennis wear, and which are now open for inspection. Henry A. Taylor, No. 1 Rossin House Block.

Recipe for Cleaning Glass, Silver, Nickle and Tinware.

Three ounces washing soda, dissolved in one-half pint hot water, add one tablespoonful of ammonia, thicken with whitening and let dry; rub on with damp cloth. Also use Nonsuch stove polish; no labor, no dust. Use Mirror stovepipe varnish; no smell or smoke. Manufactured by the Nonsuch Stove Polish Co., London, Ont.

Every day demonstrates the great popularity of Thomas' English Chop House and Ladies' Cafe. Under the management of Kemble & Co. it has become the high class supper room for theater parties, and by far the most popular dining-room for ladies. Indeed it is the only restaurant noticeably patronized by the fair sex.

Toronto to Equal New York.

We are pleased to notice a marked improvement in King street east, which has gained by the opening of the handsome retail seed establishment of the Steele Bros. Co. (Limited) at Nos. 130 and 132. Here are found Palms, Roses, Lilies and Seeds of all descriptions; fountains, birds and everything to make the place still more beautiful will be added. Toronto aristocracy will welcome such a bower of beauty.

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Telegraph Boy, Bobbing Round the Circle, Robbing the Miller, Ambuscade, Constellations, Bounce, etc.

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ADULT DOSE.—One tablespoonful between meals, or when fatigued or exhausted.
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The first High Arm, the first Cylinder Shuttle, the first Large Bobbin, the first Drop Leaf, the first Self-Setting Needle, the first Loose Pulley, the first Under Braider
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The equal of this great preparation is yet to be found. It is an unfailing Restorer for Gray Hair. It stops and prevents all Falling Out of the Hair. It Removes all Dandruff and keeps the scalp clean. On Bald Heads (if there are but the faintest traces of roots) the "Magic" will produce a fine growth. Will you try it? or will you let your hair go, and become permanently old? What do you say? All druggists everywhere have it for sale. Ask for it. Do not let the druggist tell you he has "something just a good." See that each bottle bears seal and signature.
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Our stock of Stiff and Soft Felt Hats, in all the fashionable colors, is unsurpassed. Sole agents for the celebrated Miller Silk and Felt Hats
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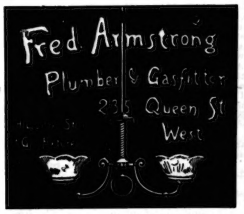

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GREAT REDUCTION SALE OF MANTLES
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Having decided to have their Mantle Show Rooms enlarged and improved for the coming season, and to enable them to do so will require to reduce their present stock of Mantles, and are now holding a GRAND CLEARING SALE of SILK WRAPS, JET VISITES, STREET JACKETS, LADIES' AND CHILDREN'S ULSTERS, ROMAN CIRCULARS and TRAVELING CLOAKS at a reduction of 25 to 50 per cent. off marked prices, including all goods bought lately at a big discount for cash, including all goods bought lately which were stopped in transit and bought at a big discount for cash.
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DRESS AND MANTLE MAKING OUR SPECIALTY

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BY M. E. BRADDON,

Author of "Lady Audley's Secret," "Vixen," "Like and Unlike," "The Fatal Three," etc.

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CHAPTER XX.

"And if we do but watch the hour,
There never yet was human power
Wh ch could evade, if unforgiven,
The patient search and vigil long
Of him who treasures up a wrong."

Theodore made a tour of the little garden in the summer sundown. It was very small, but its age gave it a superiority over most suburban gardens. There were trees, and hardy perennials that had been growing year after year, blooming and fading, with very little care on the part of successive tenants. The chief charm of the garden lies in its complete seclusion. There was no possibility of being "overlooked" in this narrow pleasance, and overlooking is the curse of the average garden attached to the average villa. Mr. and Mrs. Jones, walking in their garden in the cool of the evening, like Adam and Eve in Eden, are uncomfortably conscious of Mr. and Mrs. Smith eyeing them from the drawing-room windows of next door.

Here the high wall on one side, and the tall horse-chestnuts on the other, made a perfect solitude; but seclusion on a very small scale is apt to merge into dulness, and it must be owned that the garden of Myrtle Cottage at sundown was about as melancholy a place as the mind of man could imagine. Theodore, contemplating it from the drawing-room of Mrs. Danvers' history, her friendliness, her sense of degradation, wondered that she could have endured that dismal atmosphere for a single summer. And she had lived there for years; lived there till weariness must have intensified into loathing.

"God help her, poor soul," he said to himself. "How she must have abhorred that weeping ash! How it must have tortured her to see the leaves go and come again year after year, and to know that neither spring nor autumn would better her fate."

He took down the address of the agent who had the letting of the house, and left with the intention of seeing him that evening if possible. The landlord was a personage resembling the Mikado, or the Grand Llama, and was not supposed to be accessible to the human vision, certainly not in relation to his house property. The policeman's wife averred that "him and the De Cres-pigny owned half Camberwell."

The agent was represented to live over his office, which was in no fashionable locality than Camberwell Green, and was likely therefore to oblige Mr. Dalbrook by seeing him upon a business matter after business hours. It was not much past seven when Theodore entered the office, where he found the agent extending his business hours so far as to be still seated at his desk, deep in the revision of a catalogue. He was a very pleasant and genial agent, put aside the catalogue immediately, asked Theodore to be seated, and wheeled round his office chair to talk to him.

"Myrtle Cottage. Yes, a charming little box, convenient and compact, a bijou residence for a bachelor with a small establishment. Such a nice garden, too, retired and rustic. If you were thinking of taking the property on a repairing lease, the rent is really very moderate, really a wonderfully advantageous occasion for any one wanting a pretty secluded place."

"To tell you the truth, I was not thinking of taking that house or any house. I have come to ask you a few questions about a former tenant, and I shall take it as a favor if you will be so good as to answer them."

The agent looked disappointed, but he put his pen behind his ear, crossed his legs, and prepared himself for conversation.

"Do you mean a recent tenant?" he asked.

"No; the gentleman I am interested in left Myrtle Cottage twenty years ago, ten years, and twenty years, perhaps. His name was Danvers."

The agent gave a suppressed whistle, and looked at his interlocutor with increasing interest.

"Oh, you wanted to know something about Mr. Danvers. Was he an acquaintance of yours?"

"He was."

"Humph. He is more than old enough to be your father. He might almost be your grandfather. Do you know him intimately?"

"As intimately as a man of my age can know a man of his age."

"And position," added the agent, looking at his visitor shrewdly.

Theodore returned the look.

"I don't quite follow your meaning," he said.

"Come, now, sir, if you know anything at all about the gentleman in question you must know that his name is not Danvers, and never was Danvers; that he took Myrtle Cottage under an assumed name, and lived there nearly ten years under that assumed name; that he never let any of his friends or acquaintances across his threshold; and that he thought he had hoodwinked me, a man of the world, moving about in the world, among other men-of-the world. Why, sir, Mr. Danvers had not paid me three half-years' rent in notes or gold, as he always paid, and in this office here—before I had found out that he was the rising barrister, Mr. Dalbrook—and before I had guessed the reason of his hole-and-corner style of life."

"What became of the lady who was called Mrs. Danvers?"

"And who in all probability was Mrs. Danvers," said Mr. Adkins. "I have reason to believe that was her name. What became of her? God knows. A servant came to me one August morning with the keys and a half-year's rent—the tenant had given notice to surrender at the Michaelmas quarter—the quarter preceding the quarter at which he entered upon possession. Mr. and Mrs. Danvers had gone abroad, to Belgium the woman thought, and as it was their present intention to live abroad, their furniture had all been removed to the Pantechnicon upon the previous July, and the house was empty and at my disposal."

"Did you hear nothing more of them after that?"

"I heard of him, sir, as all the world heard of him—heard of his marriage with a wealthy young Spanish lady, heard of his elevation to the peerage—but of Mrs. Danvers I never heard a syllable. I take it she was pensioned off, and that she lived—and may have died—on the Continent. Why there are a lot of sleepy old Flemish towns—I'm a bit of a traveler in my quiet way—which seem to have been created for that purpose."

"Is that all you can tell me about your tenants, Mr. Adkins? I have a very strong motive—"

"Don't trouble yourself to explain, sir. I know nothing about Mr. or Mrs. Danvers which I have any desire to hold back—or which I am under any obligation to keep secret. My business relations with the gentleman never went beyond letting him Myrtle Cottage, which I let to him without a reference, on the strength of a twelve months' rent in advance, and a decree of a hurry he was to get into the place. As for Mrs. Danvers, you may be surprised to hear that I never saw her face. I'm not a prying person, and as the rent was never overdue, I had no occasion to call at the house. But I did see someone who had a strong bearing upon the lady's life, and a very troublesome customer that person was."

"Who was he?"

"No less an individual than her husband. A man dashed into this office one winter afternoon, a little after dusk, and asked me if I had let a house to a person called Danvers! I could see that he had been drinking, and that he was in a state of strong excitement; so I answered him shortly enough, and I kept myself well between him and the door, so as to be able to pitch him out if he got troublesome. He told me that he'd just come from Myrtle Cottage, that he had been refused admittance there, although the woman who lived there was his wife. He wanted to know if the house had been taken by her, or by the scoundrel who passed himself off as her husband? If it had been taken in her name it was his house, and he would be soon let them know that he had the right to be there. I told him that I knew nothing about him or his rights; that my client's tenant was Mr. Danvers, and that there the business ended. He was very violent against the man my tenant, talked about his own wrongs and his wife's desertion of him, asked me if I knew that this man called himself Danvers was an impostor, who had taken the house in a false name, and who was really a beggarly barrister called Dalbrook; and then from blasphemy and threatening he fell to weeping and crying, and sat in my office shivering and whimpering like a half-demented creature, till I took compassion upon him so far as to give him a glass of brandy and send my office lad out with him to put him into a cab."

"Did he tell you his name or profession?"

"No, he was uncommonly close about himself. I asked him if the lady's name was really Danvers, and if he was Mr. Danvers; but he only stared at me in a blank way through his drunken eyes. It was hopeless trying to get a straight answer from him about anything. He was a fine-looking man, and a gentleman, for he wouldn't tell the office boy his address, and only told the cabman to drive to Holborn. I'll pull up his name in the directories, sir. He may have been driven about half the night, for all I can tell."

"Was that all you ever saw or heard of him?"

"All I ever saw, but not all I ever heard. Servants and neighbors will talk, you see, sir, and I happened to be told of three or four occasions when this drunken husband of this fine gentleman made unpleasantness at Myrtle Cottage. He would go there wild with drink—I believe he never was anything else—beg and would threaten and kick up a row, and then would allow himself to be flung out of the place, like the craven hound he was. If he threatened to kill a man who had never injured him, the crime was the crime of a coward or a madman; and this man, brutalized by drink, may have been both madman and coward. He was drunk when he made his threats, and vindictive in his cups, and he wanted to frighten her and to annoy the man who had tempted her away from him. But he was a poor creature, and after blustering and threatening he would allow himself to be flung out of the doors like a stray cur."

"What kind of a man did he look? A broken down gentleman?"

"Yes, I should say he had been a gentleman once, but he had come down a longish way. He had come down as low as drink and dissipation can bring a man. Altogether I should consider him a dangerous customer."

"A man capable of violence—of crime even?"

"Perhaps! A man who wouldn't have stopped at crime if he hadn't been a white-livered coward, I tell you, sir, the fellow was afraid of Mr. Dalbrook, although Mr. Dalbrook ought to have been afraid of him. He was a craven to the core of his heart."

"What age do you give him?"

"At the time he came to me I should put him down for about six and thirty."

"And that is about how many years ago?"

"Say four-and twenty—I can't be certain to a year or so. It wasn't a business transaction, and I haven't any record of the fact."

"Was he a powerful-looking man?"

"He was the remains of a powerful man—he must have been a fine man when he was ten years younger—a handsome man too—one of those fair complexioned, blue-eyed, aquiline-featured men who set off good clothes—the kind of man to do justice to a rig out from a fashionable tailor. He was a wreck when I saw him, but he was the wreck of a handsome man."

"And you take it that he was particularly vindictive?"

"He was as vindictive as a cur can be."

"And was his anger strongest against the lady, do you suppose, or against the gentleman?"

"Decidedly against the gentleman. He was full of envy and hatred and all uncharitableness towards Mr. Dalbrook. He affected to think contemptuously of his talents, and to belittle him in every way, while he was bursting with envy at his growing success. He was jealous and angry as a husband, no doubt; but he was still more jealous and still angrier as a disappointed man against a successful man. He was as venomous as conscious failure can be. And now, sir, that I've spoken so freely about this little domestic drama, which was all past and done with twenty years ago, and in which I only felt interested as a man of the world, now may I ask your name, and what it can come to be so keenly interested in so remote an event?"

"My name is Dalbrook," replied Theodore, taking out his card and laying it upon the agent's desk.

"Dalbrook—and I mean to say so! A relation of Lord Cheriton's?"

"His cousin, a distant cousin, but warmly attached to him and his. The motive of my inquiry need be no secret. A desperate murder was committed last summer in Lord Cheriton's house—"

"Yes, I remember the circumstances."

"A seemingly motiveless murder; unless it was the act of some secret foe—foe either of the man who was killed—or of his wife's father, Lord Cheriton. I have reason to believe that the young man who was killed had never made an enemy. His life was short and blameless. My cousin thought, and as it was she described—a man possessed by the devil of drink—would be just the kind of creature to assail the strong man through his weaker relations. To murder her husband was to break her heart, and to crush her father's hopes. This man may have discovered long beforehand how my cousin had built upon that marriage—how devoted he was to his daughter, and how ambitious for her. Upon my soul I believe that you have given me the clue. If we are to look for a blind unreasoning hatred—malignity strong enough and irrational enough to strike the innocent in order to get at the guilty—I do not think we can look for it in a more likely person than in the husband of Mrs. Danvers."

"Perhaps so," said the agent, keenly interested, yet dubious. "But granted that he is the man, how are we to find him? It is about four-and-twenty years since he stood where you are standing now, and I have never set eyes on him from that day to this—close upon a quarter of a century. I can't tell you his calling, or his address, or indeed any place he lived, or even the name he bore, with any certainty. Danvers may have been only an assumed name—or it may have been his name. There is no knowing—or rather there's only one person likely to be able to help you in the matter, and that is Lord Cheriton."

"It would be difficult to question him upon such a subject."

"Of course it would; and I don't suppose that even he has taken the trouble to keep himself posted in the movements of that very ugly customer. Having shunted the lady he wouldn't be likely to concern himself about the gentleman."

"A quarter of a century," said Theodore, too thoughtful to give a direct answer. "Yes, it must be very difficult to trace any man after such an interval; but if that man went to Cheriton Chase he must have left some kind of trail behind him, and it will go hard with me if I don't get upon that trail. I thank you, Mr. Adkins, for the most valuable information I have obtained yet, and if any good comes of it you shall know. Good night."

"Good night, sir. I shall be very glad to aid in the cause of justice. Yes, I remember the Cheriton Chase murder, and I should like to see the mystery cleared up."

CHAPTER XXI.

"Upon a tone,
A touch of here, his blood would ebb and flow,
And his cheek change tempestuously . . .
But she in these fond feelings had no share;
Her sighs were not for him; to her he was
Even as a brother—but no more."

After that conversation with the house-agent, the idea that he had found the clue to the Cheriton Chase mystery took root in Theodore Daldrock's mind. Taking root, it grew upon the notion of a deadly hatred wreaking itself in an indirect revenge, there seemed no more likely figure for the role of avenger than that of the wronged and deserted husband. The one startling improbability in this view of the case was the long interval between the husband's appearance at Myrtle Cottage and the date of the murder; but even this difficulty Theodore was able to account for upon the hypothesis of a gradual decadence of character from vice to crime, as the man's nature hardened under the corrupting influence of a profligate life, while the old festering sore grew into a malignant canker, under the lash of misery. He had seen, in that great seething cauldron of London life men whose countenances bore the stamp of a degradation so profound that the most ferocious crimes might seem the normal outcome of their perverted natures. He could imagine how the trodden down gentleman, steeped in drink, and embittered by the idea of wrongs which had been the natural consequence of his own misconduct, had sunk from step upon the ladder to step till he had arrived at the lowest deep of that abysmal world where the dreams of men are stained blood and darkened by the shadow of the hangman. He could imagine him brooding over his wrongs for long years, nursing his hatred and dwelling on the wreck of manliness that remained to him—until some newspaper description of the Cheriton and Carmichael wedding reminded him of the bitter contrast between his own lot and that of his rival, and, lashed into sudden fury, he set out upon his murderous errand, hardly caring whether he murdered so long as he could hurt the man he hated.

The very fact that Mrs. Danvers' husband had been described as a craven, made the idea of his guilt more likely. Only a coward would have chosen such a revenge; only a coward could have stretched out his hand from the darkness to kill a man who had never injured him. The crime was the crime of a coward or a madman; and this man, brutalized by drink, may have been both madman and coward.

Here at least was a man closely associated with James Dalbrook's life, and having good cause to hate him. In the utter darkness surrounding the murder of Godfrey Carmichael this was the first flash of light.

And having arrived at this point, Theodore Dalbrook saw himself face to face with a new and seemingly insurmountable difficulty. To follow this clue to the end, to bring the crime home to the husband of Lord Cheriton's eldest mistress, was to expose the history of the great man's earlier years to the world at large, to offer a reputation which had hitherto been stainless as a rich and spotless robe to that carrion brood—consisting of everybody—which loves to feast upon garbage. How the newspapers would revel! How they would wallow in the details of such a story—what denunciations—what gloating over the weakness of a strong man's life. How the sensation bills would bristle with appetizing headings, how the shrill-voiced newsboys would yell their startling particulars, their latest developments of the Cheriton Chase scandal.

This must all inevitably follow upon the discovery of the murderer, if the murderer were indeed the injured husband. There could be no possible escape from that glare of publicity, that swelling symphony of slander. From the moment the law laid its hand upon the criminal the case would pass beyond individual control, and individual interests and reputations would become as nought. Justice would have to do its work, and in the doing of it must needs afford the usual fine opportunity to the newspapers. Theodore thought with horror of such humiliation coming upon Lord Cheriton, and through him upon Juanita, who loved her father with a reverential affection, and who was intensely proud of his character and position. He thought of gentle Lady Cheriton, who adored her husband, and who doubtless would be made miserable by the knowledge that his first love had been given to another woman, whom he had loved well enough to sacrifice honor for the sake of that illicit love. What agony to that single-minded, trusting creature to find that dark spot upon her husband's past, and to know that the daughter's happiness had been blighted because of the father's sin.

With these considerations in his mind it seemed to Theodore that it would be better to halt on the very threshold of discovery; and yet there was the appalling thought of further possibilities in the way of crime—of a madman's revenge carried a step further, a madman's pistol aimed at the defenceless mother or the sleeping child. What was he to do? Was there no alternative between inaction and such action as must speedily set in motion the machinery of the law, and thus deprive him of all free will in the future conduct of the case?

Yes, there was an alternative course. If he were once assured of the identity of the assassin, it might be in his power to lay hands upon him, and to place him under such circumstances of control in the future as would ensure Juanita's safety, and render any further crime impossible. If he were mad, as Theodore thought more than likely, he might be quietly got into an asylum. If he were still master of his actions he might be got abroad, to the remotest corner of the antipodes. The knowledge of his crime would be a hold over him, a lever which would remove him to the uttermost ends of the earth, if need were. This would be an illegal compromise, no doubt—unjustifiable in the eye of the law—but if it ensured Juanita's safety, and saved her father's character, the compromise was worth making. It was, indeed, the only way by which her security and her father's good name could be provided for.

To arrive at this result he had to find the man who had appeared in Mr. Adkins' office about four-and-twenty years ago, and of whose subsequent existence he, Theodore, had no knowledge.

"I must begin at the other end," he told himself. "If that man was the murderer, he must have been seen in the neighborhood. It is not probable that he could have lurked about, and watched and waited for his opportunity, and got clear off after the deed was done without being seen by human eyes."

And yet there remained the fact that the local policeman and a London detective had both failed in obtaining the faintest trace of a suspicious-looking stranger, or indeed any stranger, male or female, who had been observed in the neighborhood of Cheriton before or after the murder; there remained the fact that a large reward had been offered without resulting in one scrap of information bearing upon the subject. How could he hope, in the face of these facts, to trace the movements of a man whose personal appearance was unknown to him, and who had come and gone like a shadow?

"I can but try, and I can but fail," he told himself. "Knowing what I now know, I cannot remain inactive."

It may be that he had caught something of the fiery eagerness which consumed Juanita, that in his ardent desire to be worthy of her regard, to waste his life in her service he had become, as it were, inoculated with the spirit of his mistress, and hoped as she hoped, and thought as she thought.

With the beginning of the long vacation he went to Dorchester, but this time not alone. He took his friend Cuthbert Ramsay with him, as a visitor to the grave old house, in the grave old town.

His sisters often made a complaint against him that he never introduced any of his college friends to them—that whereas the sisters of other University men were rich in the acquaintance of Lords and Ladies, Fred and Freda and Toma, who were producable at tennis parties and available for picnics at the shortest notice, they were all invited to the poulton and Dorchester and a horizon limited by the country houses of the immediate neighborhood. Remembering these reproaches, and well knowing his friend Ramsay was overworked and obviously panting for rest and country air, Theodore suggested that he should occupy the bachelor's room in Cornhill as long as he could tear himself away from hospitals and lectures and scientific investigations.

"You want a long fallow, Cuthbert," he said, "and you couldn't have a better lotus land than Dorchester. There's not an excitement or a feverish sensation to be had within twenty miles, and then I really want to make you known to my cousin, Lord Cheriton. He is a very clever man—an all-round man—and he would be interested in you and all that you are doing."

"I shall be proud of knowing him. And then there is your cousin, Lady Cheriton—I am deeply interested in her, without having ever seen her face, and when I do see her—"

"You will say she is one of the loveliest women you ever saw in your life, Cuthbert. I have no doubt of that. You will see her beauty under a cloud, for she is not one of those women who begin to get over the loss of a husband as soon as their crape gets rusty; but her beauty is all the more touching on account of the shadow that separates her from all other women—even from her past self. I sometimes look at her and wonder if this sad and silent woman can be the Juanita I once knew; the light-hearted, spontaneous girl, a buoyant, joyous creature, all impulse and caprice, fancy and imagination."

"You may be sure that I shall admire her, and you may be sure I shall not forget that there is someone whose admiration has a deeper meaning than the just of the eye and the fancy of the moment."

Theodore would not affect to misunderstand him. It was not possible that he could have failed to see the signs of a growing attachment which without having revealed himself to his friend.

"My dear fellow," he said with a sigh, "mine is a hopeless case. You will know that it is so when you see Juanita and me together. Her mother said to me on the first of this year, 'If ever Juanita comes to care for anybody it will be for some new person; and I have not the least doubt that her mother was right. He must be a new face, a new plaything, the companion of her girlhood. A woman cannot have two such loves. Her second attachment, if she ever make one, will be of a totally different character.'

"Who knows, Theodore? A woman's heart is to be measured by no plummet line that I know of; it is to be fathomed by no test; you cannot say it shall give this or that result. It may remain cold as marble to a man through years of faithful service, and then, in an instant, the marble may change to a volcano, and hidden fires may leap out of that seeming cold-ness. Will desperadoism should be the motto of inventors—and lovers.

Dorchester, and especially the old house in Cornhill, received Mr. Ramsay with open arms. Harrington's newspapers were proud of a young man who has been rudely awakened from youth's sweetest delusion. Fooled and forsaken, he had come to the conclusion that all women are liars, and was doing all in his power to establish his reputation as a woman-hater. The temper of mind he was not averse from his own sex, and he welcomed his brother's friend with unaffected cordiality, and was evidently cheered by the new interest and novelty which society brought into the quiet atmosphere of home.

The sisters were delighted to do honor to a scientific and accomplished gentleman, and Mr. Ramsay at dinner with the ease and aplomb of confreres in modern science, to discover one of two things—that there is nothing, or that they knew nothing, or that they knew very little. They were at first inclined to the former opinion, but it gradually dawned upon them that their own much-vaunted learning was of a purely elementary character, and that their facts were for the most part wrong. Chastened by this discovery, they allowed the conversation to drift into lighter channels, and never again tackled Mr. Ramsay either upon the question of evolution, or the burning question of the cholera bacillus. They were content to leave him to the enjoyment of his own views upon spontaneous generation and the movement of glaciers, instead of setting him right upon both subjects, as they had intended in the beginning of their acquaintance.

"He is remarkably intelligent, but horribly dogmatic," Sophia told her brother, "and I'm afraid he belongs to the showy, shallow school which has flourished since the death of Darwin. He would hardly have dared to talk as he did at dinner during Darwin's lifetime."

"Perhaps not, if Darwin had been omnipresent."

"Oh, there is a restraining influence in the very existence of such a man. He is a perpetual court of appeal against arrogant smatterers."

"I don't think you can call a man who took a first class in science a smatterer, Sophy. However, I'm sorry you don't like my friend."

"I like him well enough, but I am not imposed upon by his dogmatism."

(To be Continued.)

Her Laugh—In Four Fits.

As 10 a blithesome little maid,
Restrained by naught but nature's law,
Went roaming o'er the glassy glade
And laughed a merry
Haw
Haw.

At 20 she was a bright and fair;
But now a young lady and mamma,
She only tossed her co'den ha'r
And laughed a rippling
Ha
Ha
Ha.

At 30 she was more sedate,
And, still from wedded bondage free,
She said her time was growing late,
And laughed a yearning
He
He
He.

At 40 she de pa'red of joy,
For none had come her heart to woo.
She sighed for what she had lost joy,
And laughed a doleful
Who
Who
Who.

Young Men.

There is no moral object so beautiful to me as a conscientious young man. A watch him as I do a star in heaven; clouds may be before him, but we know that his light is behind them, and will beam forth again; the blaze of others' popularity may outshine him, but we know that, though unseen, he illuminates his own true sphere. He resists temptation, and withstands the fascinations of the vice; but he resists and conquers; he hears the sarcasm of the profligate, and it stings him, for that is a trait of virtue, but heals with its own pure touch. He who says in his heart, but not with his lips: "There is no God," controls him not; he sees the hand of a creating God, and rejoices in it. Woman is sheltered by fond arms and loving counsel; old age is protected by experience, and manhood is protected by strength; but the young man stands amid the temptations of the world like a self-balanced tower.

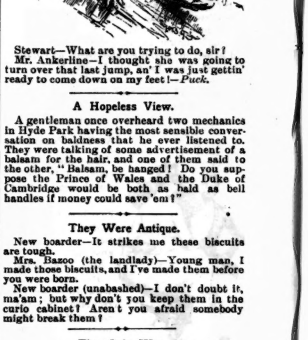
Happy is he who seeks and gains the prop of morality. Onward, then, conscientious youth! raise thy standard, and nerve thyself for goodness! If God has given thee intellectual power, awake in that cause. Never let it be said of thee: "He helped to swell the river of sin by pouring his influence into its channels." If thou art feeble in moral strength, throw not that drop into a polluted current. Awake, arise, young man! assume that beautiful garb of virtue! It is difficult to be good and holy. Put on thy strength, then. Let truth be the lady of thy love. Defend her.

Osculation.

If there are degrees in kissing there is also an art in the kiss. It is not every one that can kiss properly. The kisser is born, not made. He may achieve greatness in his particular line, but it must be done according to artistic rules. There are some men who cannot kiss if they were to spend their whole lives in attempting to master the art. Granted that most women like to kiss and be kissed. It is a part of their nature, just as it is the nature of birds to sing and owls to blink. If they cannot kiss a bewhiskered man, a clean-shaven face is smooth one. And if the smooth one is the face of one of their own sex the kiss counts just the same. But kisses are certainly objects to be kissed brutally. By this I mean indelicately, forcibly, burglariously, furiously, muscularly. No woman wants to be pounced upon for a kiss as a falcon seizes upon its victim or a cat pounces upon an unfortunate mouse. A kiss to be enjoyable must be artistic. There should be the premonitory warning, the careful and delightful preparation. What a world of exquisite emotion there is in this! The arm gently encircling the waist and pressing the quivering form with a tender and deep-seated meaning. Then comes the next stage, the placing of the finger tips on the rounded chin, and its succeeding slight elevation. With this the lips of the fair one automatically pucker and the eyes close as if in the intoxication of the delirium that is so near. Then the lips of the kisser preserve us! The application of the four lips in a gentle, deliberate, fully-realizing-the-importance-of-the-situation and soul-stirringly-fine manner, comes the real soul of the kiss, its inner consciousness, its very living essence. This cannot be described because it varies with the individual. With some there comes at this instant a long-drawn-out, symmetrical and suggestive sound, something like the drawing of a bow over the mute string of a violin. With others there is the gurgling sound, which carries the idea that the pair are in the last stages of a poignant frenzy. Last and best of all the game is the very choicest kind of a kiss; the kiss accompanied by the velvety, adhesive sound that plainly says now we have got what we want and would like to stay here forever. Goodness gracious! It sets one all over in a tingling, and intinnabulation, as you please, just to think of it!

A kiss to be thoroughly appreciated and enjoyed should cause every nerve center in the physical organism to dance riotously in a series of transports. Such kisses go to the very roots of one's being. They are never forgotten. Even in the throes of final dissolution, I imagine that the memory of the sweet kisses of a life time steal over one like the recollection of something that is too lovely to be perishable, and which, like one's soul in this world, must be sacrificed to the inevitable. A kiss that is conceived in the pure fancy and executed with proper refinement and intelligence, accompanied by the necessary sentiment, ought to live forever.—*Detroit Free Press.*

State-room Athletics



Stewart—What are you trying to do, sir?

Mr. Ankerline—I thought she was going to turn over that last jump, and I was just gettin' ready to come down on my feet!—*Puck.*

A Hopeless View.

A gentleman once overheard two mechanics in Hyde Park having the most sensible conversation on behalf of the one listened to. They were talking of some advertisement of a balsam for the hair, and one of them said to the other, "Balsam be hanged! Do you suppose the Prince of Wales and the Duke of Cambridge would be both as bald as bell handles if money could save 'em?"

They Were Antique.

New boarder—It strikes me these biscuits are tough.

Mrs. Bazoo (the landlady)—Young man, I made those biscuits, and I've made them before you were born.

New boarder (unabashed)—I don't doubt it, ma'am; but why don't you keep them in the curio cabinet? Aren't you afraid somebody might break them?

The Only Way.

Lawyer—Wonder how we can serve this summons on Mrs. Dressy! Old Gobbins is wild for his money, and she's never at home.

Clerk—Let the messenger make up as a newspaper reporter. That's the only way to reach actresses.

She Took the Pill.

Seldom do those engaged in the work of marrying indulge in a pun during the ceremony, however much they may be tempted by the nature of the happy couple, but a Salt Lake justice of the peace could not lose an opportunity recently afforded him. In a couple present themselves, the man being listened to. They were talking of some advertisement of a balsam for the hair, and one of them said to the other, "Balsam be hanged! Do you suppose the Prince of Wales and the Duke of Cambridge would be both as bald as bell handles if money could save 'em?"

Rather High.

Business—The doctor has ordered me to California for my health.

Romantic—I envy you. Glorious scenery. Mountains lofty, imposing, appalling, tremendous.

Business (testily)—Yes, I know; but how are the prices?

Romantic (airily)—Oh, like the mountains, like the mountains.

Why Hugh Eadie Told.

It was in the autumn of 1864 that I took charge of the grammar department in a public school at Redmond, the principal of which, Mr. Parkhurst, was a man of sound judgment and thorough scholarship, though somewhat eccentric in the matter of dress. I was young and inexperienced, and felt very timid when left in charge of the big boys and girls who crowded my room. I had prepared a neat little introductory speech, but when I stood before my pupils I could not recall a single word of it. So instead of a pretty address on the advantages of education, I simply said that I wanted to do them all the good in my power; that I intended to treat my scholars as ladies and gentlemen, and of course expected in return the courtesy that should be shown to a lady.

One of the brightest pupils in my department was Hugh Eadie, a handsome, dark-eyed boy of about thirteen. His father was dead, and his mother, in delicate health, and with five children to care for, had hard work to make both ends meet. Mr. Eadie had followed the trade of a tinsmith, and Hugh now attended to little jobs which the neighbors brought to the shop. In his way he earned many a dime, and many a fragrant cup of tea did his mother enjoy through the boy's industry.

One evening while he was engaged in soldering some leaky vessels Bert Cotter, the only son of Judge Cotter, the most influential man in the place, came into the little shop and throwing down a pattern cut out of pasteboard, asked in a careless tone:

"Can you cut me a pair of tin goggles after the fashion of that bit of pasteboard?"

After looking it over, and trying it on several narrow strips of tin, Hugh said,—

"There, that will fit."

Taking up his scissors, he quickly shaped the tin goggles by the pattern and handed them to young Cotter.

"How much are they worth?" asked Bert, drawing a handful of currency from his pocket.

"Oh, I will not charge you for such a trifle as that," was Hugh's answer.

"Well, I am sure I am much obliged to you," returned Cotter, turning to go.

"Don't mention it," interrupted the young tinsmith, "I am always glad to do little jobs like that for the fellows.

One morning, about a week after this little episode, when the janitor went to ring the school bell he was astonished to find old Dr. Hindman's gray mare an occupant of Professor Parkhurst's restrum. The sagacious beast, wearying of the cramped position which had been assigned to it, had endeavored to add to its own comfort by stretching itself full length upon the platform.

"Land o' mlechief! What dem young uns been up to?" cried Uncle Moses, holding up his hands in amazement. "'Clar to goodness if I seed dat air creetur when I stirred up the fire this mornin'! Must have been sleepin', or, likely, she was hung in arter I went away. Git up! git up, I say!" he bellowed, administering sundry kicks to the innocent cause of his excitement.

By this time the room was full of scholars intent upon witnessing the sport, and before many more minutes had passed, in stalked Professor Parkhurst, brimming over with indignation at the insult that had been offered to him. It was not much wonder that the boys shouted and cheered lustily when the old beast rigged out in a silk hat, linen collar and ridiculous goggles, scrambled stiffly to his feet.

For a moment the professor struggled with his inclination to join with the boys and laugh the whole matter off as a rare joke; but in the queer finery which the animal sported he could not help observing an imitation of his own rather showy costume, and an evident indignity offered to himself. After looking for a few moments into the face of his harmless rival, he turned to the boys and said:

"I command the author of this shameful joke to come forward and lead this animal back to the stable whence it was brought!"

As no one volunteered to perform the task, the professor, with a vindictive rap of his cane, ordered everybody within hearing of his voice to march out of the house at once. This second requirement was much more easily obeyed than the first one given, and in a very few moments after he had ordered the room to be emptied, not a scholar remained in the building.

With the aid of the professor, Uncle Moses was soon limping out of the door, followed by the serene old nag, minus its trimmings.

Not finding any clew to the perpetrators of the mischief, the angry professor laid down the law and threatened dire punishment to the guilty parties when discovered—as they certainly should be.

"I'll bet it was Hugh Eadie," whispered Jack Moore to his nearest neighbor.

The master overheard the remark and asked why he should think young Eadie guilty.

"Just look at them tin goggles," said Jack. "You know he is a tinner.

"Had you a hand in this outrage, Eadie!" asked Parkhurst, laying his hand heavily on Hugh's shoulder.

"No, sir, I would scorn to do such a mean thing," answered the boy, promptly.

The professor said no more at that time, but the next morning he came into my room, and holding up some scraps of tin, fitted them in the notches of the goggles. As he did so he asked:

"Did you ever see anything like this, Eadie?"

The boy turned pale, but he replied honestly:

"I think I cut that, sir."

"You are more frank than I expected to find you," said the professor. Then, turning to me he explained that the scraps of tin had been found in Eadie's shop, and that he was undoubtedly the ringleader in the outrage that had been perpetrated.

Hugh positively denied complicity in the mischief, but made a fair statement of his part in cutting the goggles. Mr. Parkhurst demanded the name of the boy for whom he had done the near little job, but this he refused to give.

"Then I'll hold you responsible for the misdemeanor," replied the professor. "I will give you twenty-four hours to think the matter over, and if at the end of that time you still adhere to your present determination you will be publicly expelled from school."

Hugh stole a glance at Bert, but he pretended to be busy with his lessons, and did not seem the least bit disturbed by the outlook.

Knowing that the boy was actuated by that feeling which sways all schools—that it is dishonest to tell tales, no matter what the provocation—I managed to have a quiet little talk with him after school was dismissed. I did not ask for the name of the culprit who had been so mean as to allow him to suffer wrongfully—for I was convinced of his innocence—but simply reminded him that others would also suffer should he persist in carrying out his present purpose. As we parted I said:

"Study the matter carefully, Hugh, and then do just exactly what you think is right."

He had never thought of the little mother at home, or how his disgrace might affect her, when he made up his mind "not to tell." Before this he had not troubled himself about the moral bearings of the puzzling question; but after an hour's deep thinking he came to the wise conclusion that he had no right to disgrace his family and spoil his own life to cover up the wrong doings of one who would meanly allow him to suffer for a deed he had himself committed.

He went to Bert, after he had made his decision, and told him of the course he should follow; but the boy sullenly refused to acknowledge his fault, and threatened to make trouble should Hugh persevere in his determination.

The next day, when Professor Parkhurst came for his answer, Hugh stood up bravely, in spite of the meaning glances of the scholars, and told his story in a simple, straightforward way that convinced everyone who heard him that he was telling the exact truth.

Under the pressure of public indignation Bert was compelled to admit the veracity of Hugh's statement, but tried to laugh it off as a rare practical joke. Professor Parkhurst was in no mood to be trifled with and the consequence of the trouble was that Judge Cotter quietly removed his son from school.

To Correspondents.

(Correspondents will address — "Correspondence Column," Saturday Night Office.)

Four Arthur.—The umbrella you speak of would be safe in the hands of Wm. East, 336 Yonge street, Toronto.

J. F., St. Catharines.—The population of Sault Ste. Marie is about 12,000; that of Toronto 185,000, Montreal 190,000.

R. W. P., Palmerston.—The title "rector" is one of courtesy in Canada, and is a remnant of the time when we had a state church.

Enquire.—Write to Mr. M. J. Walbridge, secretary of the Stationary Engineers' Union, 43 Gerrard street west, Toronto, and he will give you particulars.

Inner, Hamilton.—Your hair is golden brown, approaching very near an auburn. Your writing indicates rather an indecisive disposition with an inclination to be steady, exact and faithful.

Sadie, Hamilton.—Nearly everything in the reply made to Charity applies to you. The hair is almost the same color, though somewhat lighter. You are of a somewhat lighter and smoother disposition as well.

Subscriber, Hastings.—A nicely framed etching is a pretty present for a young lady. A little charm for the watch chain, a well-bound set of some popular author, a little clock or toilet set would also be very nice.

Charity, Hamilton.—Your hair is dark brown, what the majority would call black. It indicates a strong and steadfast disposition, considerable ability to be pleasing without any very large amount of refinement. 2. Your writing is very schoolish, indicates carelessness and yet a desire to be attractive. What you require is more perseverance in what you undertake.

Emma J. F.—A lady may invite a gentleman to call and it needs no formula except "We would be pleased to have you call." 2. "Miss Emma J. F. requests the pleasure of Mr. Smith's company on Tuesday, the 15th inst., at eight o'clock." 3. Your writing is somewhat stiff, and indicates practice would not hurt it, but more practice would benefit it. 4. Read the standard authors, such as Thackeray, Trollope, Sir Walter Scott, Dickens, George Eliot, etc.

May.—I have lost the lock of hair you sent me. 2. "Tell me how I could win back the love of a young man who has gone back on me for nothing." I am sure I cannot tell you. May. Young men are very peculiar, but I think it would be very unadvisable for you to attempt to win back the love of a young man who has gone back on you for nothing. He never loved you or he would not act like that. 2. You say you are pretty sa'e. Blue would suit you very nicely; it always looks well on blondes.

Vox, Petrolia.—Ulcerated mouth is the result of a bad stomach. A sulphur powder in the morning, a glass of hot water with a pinch of salt in it, before each meal, avoiding all hashed and spices, eating but little meat, no butter or sweet substance, will in a little while cure your trouble if it does not arise from bad blood. If it is the latter you had better see a physician. 2. Your penmanship is very good, though somewhat cramped. Always avoid flourishes when writing.

Jessie, City.—It is not good taste for ladies to get their pictures taken in company with gentlemen. They may turn up in a very awkward time and be a very countrified freak. 2. Local custom used by fashion, but I cannot see why a young lady should ask a young man for his photo graph, even if they are old schoolmates and see each other every day. It is his business to suggest such an exchange. 3. You write very dainty. Your writing indicates a rather irregular disposition. You are inclined to be a little bit tricky.

Is It Hard to Compose?

The popular notion is that great authors and great composers throw off their works with an ease that makes composition or writing an act of pure enjoyment. The notion is false.

Thackeray used to spoil sheets of paper by scribbling and drawing on them, before he could begin a story, or even a chapter of a story nearly completed. Balzac's proof sheets were a terror even to the one printer whom the publishers employed to correct the author's proofs. They were so full of alterations, corrections, transformations, and expurgations that the printed matter seemed like a small island surrounded by coral reefs, rocks and lesser islands.

The manuscripts of Pope's translation of the Iliad and Odyssey tell the story of the poet's pains to make the work perfect. "Such reliques show how excellence is acquired," said Dr. Johnson of Milton's manuscripts.

Mozart could write off his compositions with marvellous rapidity, when the occasion demanded haste, because he was simply transcribing what was already in his mind. But it had been formed there by a laborious process.

Chopin's theme sang itself in his head during a walk, or while fingering the piano. But then began the labor of transcribing the notes to paper. He would shut himself up in his room for days, walking, breaking his pens, repeating and altering a bar a hundred times. He once spent six weeks over a single page, and at last wrote it as he had noted it down at the very first.

William Hunt, the painter, talked to his pupils in this strain: "If you could see me dig and groan, rub it out and start again, hate myself and feel dreadfully! The people who do things easily, their things you look at easily, and give away easily."

The Crush Hat.

Apropos of the threatened disappearance of the crush hat, comes the dilnge that this useful convenient adjunct of the society man in his meanderings through a season of opera, cotillions and fetes of every description has been resuscitated in Paris. There, where the revival has been very generally accepted, it extended to London, and as some of the prominent clubmen have taken it up we are likely to move it here in a very short time. The "rise and fall" of the opera hat would be a neat caption for an article recounting the history of this style of men's headgear, which had an existence based solely upon its propriety as the hat to be worn with evening dress. I recall the time, about fifteen years back, when the crush hat first heaved in sight. It was tabooed at the outset, the caricaturists seizing upon its mechanism as a theme for all sorts of ridiculous sketches, and as the first shapes imported were uniformly trying and not at all tasteful, like the prevailing silk hats, the innovation was for two or three seasons not generally accepted. In course of time the wide-brimmed and low bell-crowned shapes were superseded, the workmanship grew more skilful and the price receded from fifteen dollars to twelve and ten. This was cheap enough, but, after an exclusive run of several years, competition led to the production of opera hats of a low grade of materials until finally certain cheap swells became wearing the crush hat in the day time. That killed it, of course. If a certain number of vulgarians should turn out in their swallow tail coats in the afternoon a new style of full dress would be speedily adopted. The crush hat had to go under like circumstances, and it was parted with reluctantly—be sure of that!

Some Other Man.

He entered a saloon on Monroe avenue with his hat on his ear and his coat on his arm, and clinging the garment on a table he shouted:

"Is the man here who said he could pulverize me in two minutes?"

"He is," replied an individual who was just wiping off his chin.

"And you are the man!"

"I am."

"And you said it!"

"I did."

"And you won't take it back!"

"No, sir!"

"Well, let's have some more beer. The boys said you were an old man with one arm, and I didn't propose to take sass from any such person. Drink hearty, my friend."—*Detroit Free Press.*

She Felt It.

"Hannah," she began as she called the girl into the sitting-room, "haven't I always used you well?"

"Yes'm,"

"Paid you the highest wages and given you many afternoons out!"

"Yes'm,"

"Well, then, I want to ask you a question and receive an honest answer."

"Oh, ma'am, I'm going to quit! Yes, I'll go right off!"

"Going to quit? Why?"

"Because I feel that you are going to ask me if your husband and me were riding on the ferry boat together the other day, and I couldn't tell you. I promised him on my sacred word I wouldn't!"—*Detroit Free Press.*

Encouraging Convalescence.

Young Mr. Shandygaff (handing his card to flunky at the door)—May I ask how Mr. Earl Marquand de Wylis Wylis is this morning?

Flunky (importantly)—Yes, sir. Young Mr. Wylis Wylis' condition is slightly better. The tone of 'is system 'as improved, han' we hall think, sir, that 'e his progressin' bloominkly. 'E's recovered strength henough, sir, to light hay cigarette, han' seemed to relish hay couple o' snipes' eads for the fust time in hay week, sir.

A Domestic Calamity.

He (reading a letter)—Then I take it your mother is coming to-day, dear. Why, we asked Mr. and Mrs. Hyde Parkins to dinner this evening, didn't we?

She—Yes, love. I'm afraid we shall have to put them off somehow. Mamma can't bear Mr. Hyde Parkins. What on earth shall we say?

He (wearily)—Oh, I think we might postpone their visit on account of sudden domestic calamity, or something of that sort.

A Proud Moment.

Magistrate—Were you ever arrested before, Uncle Rastus?

Uncle Rastus—Yes, sah, I war 'rested, but I war discharged; an' I tell yo', yo're honah, dat I war nebbah so proud in my life as when I walked down dat court-room a free an' honorable man.

Magistrate—Then you were not proven guilty, Uncle Rastus?

Uncle Rastus—No, sah; dere was a flaw in de indictment, sah.

Everybody Was Certain.

William Russell, a New York pickpocket, was arraigned in court. He said he came on to see the centennial parade. "I'm certain you won't see this one," said Justice O'Reilly, as he made out a commitment for the thief until Thursday. "I'm equally certain I won't see the next," remarked Russell, as he was led to the lock-up.

Would She?

Mr. Oldbeau—What would you say, my dear, if I kissed you?

Miss Prue—I wouldn't say anything. I'd scream.

Spicy.

Wife—You've been drinking again; I smell the cloves on you.

Hubby—Wrong again, my dear. I happened to get a scare to night and my tongue clove to the roof of my mouth; that's all.

Very Likely.

Bobby Bright—Say, dad, the minister will soon be in the soup.

Papa Bright—How's that? How's that?

Bobby Bright—He's going out to the Feejee Islands as a missionary.

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A Smart Girl.

Expectant Old Gentleman—My daughter said you wished to see me.
Mystified Youth—She did? Why, she told me you wished to see me.—*Puck.*

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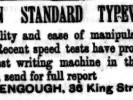

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A Plea for Athletic Sports.

For Saturday Night.

There are several points in connection with the above subject which may very properly be looked into at the present time by all who are interested in it, and especially by Torontonians. A few faithful ones in the city have been making great efforts to save for amateur athletic sports almost the only public grounds in Toronto devoted to them.

In doing so they have not met with the moral and material support that the importance of their object merited. In fact it looks as if very few of the older heads, at the present time, take any part in the matter of encouraging and supporting physical recreation.

This is not as it should be, for many reasons. They might, and many of them do, spend their time on "fads," as they are fitly dubbed, far less worthy of attention. In doing so, no doubt, many of them are actuated by a sincere desire to forward the interests of their fellow-beings. What a pity then it is that they would not give some of this time and thought to a matter deserving of the attention of the very best and brightest of them.

Every one will concede that the question as to the best means of training the mind cannot receive more study than the importance of it warrants. Surely, then, that body which is to be the casket of this cultivated mind, is to work with it, and to sustain it, cannot very well be overlooked. If it is, the result is almost sure to be a failure on its part to respond to the calls made upon it. A sound mind, in a sound body, is the acme of human perfection.

Then, on the other hand, partly on account of the indifference of the older and wiser heads, and the consequent lack of control which they could and should have over athletic sports, there is a tendency with many others to run to the opposite extreme, and to devote more time to the body and its development than is conducive to their attainment of the best results in the proper aims and ambitions of life.

Now, both the man who sets physical perfection and the athlete's triumphs above everything, and the man who will work for public, professional or commercial success even to the extent of bankrupting his store of bodily vigor, is committing an error: the first, because any man should have a nobler aim in life than to shine as an athlete only; the other, because, in neglecting to keep his body in equal training with his mind, he is giving away one of his best chances to reach the highest point of successful effort.

If then it be granted that both are at fault, and the position seems to be unassailable, how are they to be shown in a forcible and impressive manner the errors of their several ways, and how is the remedy to be applied? These are without doubt two leading questions, and to answer them fully in the space alloted to an article of suitable length for this paper, would require the art of not only a past, but a present and a future master in the condensation of much matter into little space. Not being so gifted the writer will not make the attempt, but will hope to have the opportunity at some future time of entering more exhaustively into the various points of the questions asked and of endeavoring to answer them. But if there be sufficient merit in this article to attract the attention of, and to set thinking, the class desired to be reached, it will not have been written in vain.

Come out, then, with us, ye solid men! Whether ye are of those who are few in years, but old in travail of spirit, or of those who have reached middle life only, but have felt the burden bear heavily for many days, or, still again, of those who have wrought all the day long, and have a right to wear the crown of gray hairs and to go the rest of the journey with bent shoulders—come out with us! and by your presence and influence give encouragement, and at the same time a sense of responsibility to our young fellows when they play their games. It will greatly benefit them, and perhaps even you may be better for putting off as often as you can, for a few hours, the load of cares which presses heavily upon shoulders perhaps not so fit to bear the burden as of yore. And at the same time, for your own good, drink in as much as you can of the pure, sweet, fresh air, with which a kindly Providence has surrounded us—for which many of us are so ungrateful that we deny ourselves its proper and frequent use. Perhaps you, too, may thus be benefited and rendered more fit for the daily tread-mill, and so kill several birds with one stone. And be with these young fellows when they organize their various clubs. Here again may your good influence be felt. You will perhaps be able to nip in the bud many little evil tendencies, which spring from the intercourse of young and ardent spirits, unchecked by older and wiser control. They will feel your presence, will be honored by it, and perchance may honor you by giving you some leading place in their management, where you can accomplish great good.

It may happen that your own dearly loved boys are among the members, and neither you nor they will be the worse for the intercourse, if you rightly use the good judgment, which time and experience should have given you. There can be no harm, and ought to be much good, in father and son keeping in touch, in all the little and big concerns of life. It may be that you will then have less cause to endure the heart-breaking disappointment which many fathers have, because of a failure in the career of their sons, of whom they expected much. And, if you are not so directly interested, you will at least be watching over a material interest of those who will some day or another take the place you now fill so well in public, professional, or business life. If you have rendered them more fit, physically, to fight the daily battle, which grows hotter and hotter as the years roll by, both they and those they serve will have cause to thank you. And so will you have earned the blessings of present and future generations, and, as the immortal poet puts it, can enjoy "the calm and quiet evening of a well-spent life," satisfied that your "life's little day" has been made good use of.

WOODSTOCK.

The performances of the Harmony Club on Friday and Saturday attracted the usual large and fashionable audiences, which would undoubtedly have been larger but for the sudden torridity of the atmosphere, which most decidedly rose to the sudative point. Audience and performers sweltered alike. The performance itself was at first of the "mild" order—soft singing, soft orchestra, and slow time and gentle acting. The later representations, however, showed a considerable advance upon the initial performance, and all the work seemed to shake down better, so to speak. The chorus, which is generally the strongest feature in an amateur performance, was not so in this case. Musically its intonation was frequently bad, and it lacked snap and go, as well as having decidedly ragged endings. In these respects, however, it shared the general improvement in the course of the performances, though not to the extent that was possible for the talent in question.

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Whenever amateurs give an opera, there is always a gentle but very decided protest against letting "the orchestra drown the voices," generally because the voices in question are comparatively easily drowned, and therefore must be handled with gloves. In this case these protests bore fruit, for I never heard an orchestra of the size of this one make so little noise. The soloists may have been able to hear themselves, but the audience could hardly hear the orchestra. Even the drum was decidedly *sotto voce*. How absurd this is! A composer arranges his orchestration with the intention of being heard, not with the desire that it should be drowned to a mere mutter. And if the soloists only knew that orchestras have the power of covering defects, besides the mission of accompanying, they would give the fiddlers a chance—that is, always provided that the soloists knew their own weaknesses, which is, of course, not always the case. On this occasion Sig. D'Auria had a really good orchestra, but the constant cry of "keep it down" seemed to have crushed the life out of it.

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A pleasanter subject is that of Mrs. Agnes Thomson's Mabel, which was the gem of the performance. She sang like a little bird, freely, sweetly and with an enthusiasm possessed by none of the others. Everything flowed from her with beautiful clearness and elegance, and her acting was excellent. Mr. T. D. Beddoe as Frederick was a good support, especially when he took his whiskers off and became more romantic looking. It seemed to affect his voice and make him sing better, though his singing throughout was very fine. So good was the joint effect of these two singers, that I dropped into the madness, merely to hear their duet once more. Miss Marie C. Strong, who will always live in our memories as Lady Jane, added another name this time, that of Ruth, and both sang and acted well, being one of the strongest characters in the opera. Mr. W. R. Moffatt's Pirate King was nicely acted and sung, but would have been better for a little more energy in the part—a little more blood-thirstyness, in fact.

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Speaking of the pirates, one feels impelled to recognize the mildness of these young gentlemen by the beautiful long haired and tenderly curled wigs they wore, which resembled those of cavaliers rather than those of pirates. The policemen were of "the finest," and sang their choruses well, being ably led by Sergeant Jim Macdonald, who was the favored recipient of a fine succulent bouquet on Saturday night. The sergeant had his stage business well in hand and though his voice wavered sometimes—with emotion probably—he made a thorough success of it. Mr. Grant Stewart as the Major General also had the stage business well learned and was a very good factor, but his patter song used to work down slower and slower, until it became a patter song no longer. Our own George was the comedian of the season. His Samuel was quite funny enough for the professional stage. The young ladies who were the General's chief daughters, Misses Maude Gilmour, Florence Stewart and Gertrude Lockhart, did their parts very nicely, especially Miss Gilmour. The stage business was all exceedingly well done, in which I thought I recognized the practiced hand of Mr. J. F. Thomson. In this respect the chorus did excellently. Floral tributes were frequent and costly, and must have greatly gratified their recipients.

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Several choir changes have taken place lately in the city. Mr. G. H. Fairclough leaves the Church of the Redeemer and goes to St. Luke's, Mr. W. H. Atkinson resumes his seat at St. Peter's organ, Mr. E. J. Lye has gone to the Jarvis Street Baptist Church as leading tenor, and Mr. J. H. Dennison leaves the Church of the Redeemer to take Mr. Lye's old place at the Unitarian Church, and, to the surprise of all who have admired Mr. Greenwood's playing at All Saints, the wardens are advertising for an organist and choirmaster.

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Mr. Percy V. Greenwood and Mr. Sidney Ashdown have gone home to England for a five weeks' trip.

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They do things well in Buffalo. On June 14 a series of nightly orchestral concerts in Music Hall will be commenced. An orchestra of thirty-five men, containing some of the best men of the Thomas and Seidl orchestras will play music of all kinds, from symphony to waltz. A guarantee fund of $12,000 has been subscribed, and splendid music will be given. If any one should ask why we cannot do the same in Toronto, the answer must be that you can drink beer at these Buffalo concerts, a proceeding which makes them possible in Buffalo and impossible in Toronto.

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The guarantee for Mr. Torrington's orchestral scheme has reached $1,000, of which $500 was subscribed by one lady who is always generous in her support of musical enterprise in Toronto.

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The Choral Society lately held its annual meeting and elected the following officers: Hon. president, Mr. W. B. McMurrich; president, Mr. A. E. Minkler; 1st. vice-president, Dr. J. Sterling Ryerson; 2nd. vice-president, Mr. J. M. Livingston; treasurer, Mr. A. Cromar, secretary, Mr. Thomas Symington; executive committee, Messrs. S. B. Brush, J. F. Bryce, T. R. Clougher, John Gemmell, A. J. Hodgetts, J. L. Kerr, E. A. Maclaurin, Alex. Ross, J. E. Thompson, E. A. Scadding; conductor, Mr. Edward Fisher.

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The Vocal Society, the other evening, presented its musical director, Mr. W. Elliott Haslam, with a handsome gold watch, and also gave a suitable present to the accompanist, Miss McKay.

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The Philharmonic Society has secured the Mutual street Rink which will be fitted up for the Gilmore band concerts (not forgetting anvils and artillery), on June 13 and 14. Gilmore is carrying a fine company of vocalists with him this year, and has a number of novelties for his band, which will make these concerts additionally interesting.

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Mr. T. C. Jeffers of the college staff, gave an evening of church music in the hall of the College of Music, on Thursday evening of last week before a large audience. The programme was a rich and varied one and included compositions by such well-known church writers as Sullivan, Stainer, Foster, Randegger, Molligne and Marchetti. Mrs. J. W. Lawrence, Mr. E. R. Doward of the college staff, and Mr. R. G. Kirby were the soloists and the choir of the Central Methodist Church sang some anthems very acceptably. Mr. Jeffers gave some effective organ solos and also read a semi-humorous paper on The Practical Side of Church Music, but which gave a lucid description of the proper mode of choir management and the selection of church music. On Monday evening next Mr. Torrington's pupils will give a programme of selections, including some ensemble playing. The programme is a high class one.

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Our good friend, Mr. Robert Brewer, the well-known accountant of the House of Commons at Ottawa, and equally well-known as a fine violoncellist, has been invited to play at the Burlington, Vt., musical festival, and at the complimentary concert to Mr. Gericke, the great Boston conductor.

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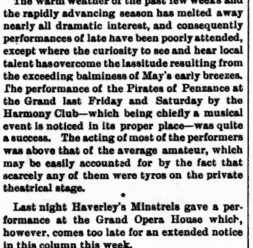
A stupid practical joke was played last week, which changed the signature of this column. It is still written by METRONOME.



The warm weather of the past few weeks and the rapidly advancing season has melted away nearly all dramatic interest, and consequently performances of late have been poorly attended, except where the curiosity to see and hear local talent has overcome the lassitude resulting from the exceeding balminess of May's early breezes. The performance of the Pirates of Penzance at the Grand last Friday and Saturday by the Harmony Club—which being chiefly a musical event is noticed in its proper place—was quite a success. The acting of most of the performers was above that of the average amateur, which may be easily accounted for by the fact that scarcely any of them were tyros on the private theatrical stage.

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Last night Haverley's Minstrels gave a performance at the Grand Opera House which, however, comes too late for an extended notice in this column this week.

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Thomas J. Farron opened the week at the Toronto Opera House in the Irish comedy Help. It is not much of a play; for the plot is but a skeleton frame on which to hang Irish gags and Irish songs, some of them as old, nearly, as the Giant's Causeway. But the stage Irishman, without variations, seems to have gained perennial popularity, and when he brings out 'the joke that once through Tara's halls the soul of humor shed,' and when he brushes the cobwebs and mildews of centuries off it, we take the old brand, tasted so often before, and allow its mellow potency to warm our souls even to the point of patiently listening to a third-class singer murdering a good old song.

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Thomas J. Farron looms up large in Help. He impersonates five characters and has almost a monopoly of all the good things in it. It is just as well that it is so, perhaps, for Mr. Farron is the only one of his company that can by courtesy be called an actor. The artistic ability of Mr. Henry Pierson is of a decidedly negative quality. Mr. Canfield got some good touches into Nubbles, an ex-convict. But Mr. Farron was the show, and together with one or two bits of scenery, he made it one of the best that has been seen at the Toronto Opera House for some time.

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Thursday night and last night Tony Pastor and his company of Vaudeville artists appeared at this house to good business. For many years Tony Pastor has played here on May 24—a fact which indicates that Mr. Pastor always has an eye open to the main chance, for it is sure to be a successful day in this country. He usually surrounds himself with clever people and his performance is always entertaining.

DRAMATIC NOTES.

Max O'Rell is to lecture on Jonathan and His Continent.

Newton Beers proposes to put a magnificent production of Enoch Arden on the road next season.

Mrs. Bernard Beere, the great actress, has recently come out as a concert singer, a rather robust contralto.

Emma Abbott will place a monument over the grave of her deceased husband, Eugene Wetherell, at Gloucester, Mass., to cost $85,000.

During the past year over fifty divorces have been recorded in theatrical annals, and the most prominent personages in the list are Fanny Davenport, Maggie Mitchell and Pauline Hall.

The following gives the exact seating value of the principal London theaters: Drury Lane, $2,250; Lyceum, $2,150; Savoy, $1,600; Haymarket, $1,500; Criterion, Gaiety, Avenue, Adelphi and Prince of Wales's, $1,250 each; Court and Princess's, $1,200 each; Globe, $1,050; Terry's, $800, and Toole's, $750.

Dramatic Author—Want a new play?
Manager (wearily)—Anything new in it?
Dramatic Author—Yes, siree—a goat.
Manager (meditatively)—Um—I'm afraid it won't draw very well.

Dramatic Author (confidently)—It eats the wire bustle right off the heroine.
Manager (excitedly)—Hooray! Gimme the manuscript.

Sylvia Grey, the captivating dancer of Nellie Farren's company, lately gave a London paper her views of Standard Theater audiences in the following spicy language: "From the stage I study the stalls well. When I dance, it's amusing to see how men are interested; one fellow with a bald head will crane his neck at my skirts; another, young and verdant, simpers as he looks at my hose; the go-to-bed-at-ten division giggle as I kick up my heels; a dizzy masher, whilst using his opera glasses, digs with his left elbow a brother masher as I fling back my skirts. Well, as long as these front row fellows don't write me poetry or show their faces at my door, I forgive them."

Here (says Dutton Cook) is a story of a *sotto-voce* communication which must have gravely troubled its recipient. A famous Lady Macbeth starring in America had been accidentally detained on her journey to a remote theater. She arrived in time only to change her dress rapidly and hurry on the scene. The performers were all strangers to her. At the conclusion of her first soliloquy, a messenger should enter to announce the coming of King Duncan. But what was her amazement to hear, in answer to her demand, "What is your tidings?" not the usual reply, "The King comes here to-night," but the whisper, spoken from behind a Scotch bonnet, upheld to prevent the words reaching the ears of the audience, "Hush! I'm Macbeth. We've cut the messenger out; go on, please."

Miss Adele aus der Ohe is a daughter of the late Professor aus der Ohe of the Royal Artillery and Engineer's School at Berlin, formerly of Hanover, where she was born and passed the first six years of her life. When three and a half years of age she gave evidence of her remarkable talent. An elder sister was strumming Arditi's Il bacio in the nursery where the children were at play. When she had finished, Adele, crying, "Ich! Ich!" begged to be placed on the stool, and to their astonishment repeated the entire waltz, giving the correct bass with the left hand. "Mamma! papa! come, come and hear Adelchen!" cried the children, as they threw open the door. There was great rejoicing that day. The parents began at once to instruct her. In her fifth year she became acquainted with Bousset, who took her to Von Bulow for advice. He proposed that she be placed under his instruction at Munich, but the parents could not consent to a separation. Adele was seven when her family moved to Berlin. Here she became a pupil of Franz Kullak, and some months later of his father, the celebrated Doctor Theodore Kullak, with whom she remained until thirteen years old. At eight she made her first public appearance.

There is a story connected with the early life of Victorien Sardou, which, up to this time, has escaped print. The French playwright tells it himself. Long before he would know of his existence, Sardou was passing, one winter's night, along a street in the Latin Quarter.

"I was asking myself," he says, "if life was really worth so much useless labor, and if fate would always be implacable."

Sardou was a prey to one of those moods of bitter discouragement—rare enough in his case—which make any folly impossible, more particularly suicide, which is, after all, a courageous one. To escape the rain which was falling in torrents, he stopped for shelter in a doorway, which he left suddenly—instinctively—without knowing why, and a ragged tramp took his place. Just then there was a terrible noise. Sardou, who was going on, turned and saw that an enormous block of stone had fallen upon the tramp, killing him instantly.

"I do not know what instinct," says Sardou, "made me quit the place which destiny had marked for someone's death. But it seemed to show me that I was not meant to die poor and unknown—that I must work, struggle and always hope. My star was shining behind a sombre sky!"

And the world has seen that he was right.

Drunk, Probably.

That Englishman who was awakened at midnight in a Vienna hotel by a porter knocking at his door, and telling him the place was in flames, showed great coolness.

"How far has the fire got along this corridor?" asked the Englishman without moving.

"As far as No. 20, sir," was the reply.

"And what number is my room?" inquired the Englishman. "No. 100, sir," answered the porter.

"Then wake me again when the fire reaches 97," cried the voice from the bed.

Hampton, N. B.

For Saturday Night.

Bright Hampton! Nestled 'mid the hills
Where Kenne'casis waters run,
And mirror back the smiling sun,
And catch the kisses from the rills,

What time the summer beauties spread,
And song birds in thy leafy groves
Carol at morning to their loves,
Where blooming bowers their fragrance shed.

I saw thee in thy winter dress—
Like virgin robed in spotless white—
By radiant, shimmering morning light
Made lovelier in thy loveliness.

Above the vale that holds thy heart
I saw the fir-clad "Blackwood" rise
Until its summit met the skies,
Which lingered o'er it—loth to part;

While round the sweep and o'er the glen—
Where tasty cottages, from the mall,
At evening rest, and for the while
In quiet homes find life again.

I saw the happy children play,
And as swift sled go speeding by,
No shadow in their perfect sky,
They trust for all beyond to-day.

High over all, in lambent air,
I saw a white-winged, golden dove—
Type of the Paraclete above—
On pinions fair float slowly there,

And gently sweep adown the glade
And through the trees, on wings unfurled,
Like Him—who to a weary world
Comes in—the peaceful Accolade.

I caught the music of the breeze—
In soothing murmurs, soft and low—
Tossing the fir-plumes to and fro,
Or rustling in the balsam trees,

And in the spell which Beauty wove
To please the eye and charm the sense,
I found an added recompense
For well-requited toil and love.

The Elms, Toronto. LLEWELLYN A. MORRISON.

Under the Violets.

Her hands are cold, her face is white;
No more her pulses come and go;
Her eyes are shut to life and light;
Fold the light vesture, snow on snow;
And lay her where the violets blow.

But not beneath a graven stone,
To plead for tears with alien eyes;
A slender cross of wood alone
Shall say that here a maiden lies
In peace beneath the peaceful skies.

And gray old trees of hugest limb
Shall wheel their circling shadows round
To make the scorching sunlight dim
That drinks the greenness from the ground,
And drop their dead leaves on the mound.

For her the morning choir will sing
Its matins from the branches high,
And every minstrel voice of spring
That thrills beneath the April sky
Shall greet her with its earliest cry.

At last the rootlets of the trees
Shall find the prison where she lies,
And bear the buried dust they seize
In leaves and blossoms to the skies—
So may the soul that warms it rise.

If any, born of kindlier blood,
Should ask: "What maiden lies below?"
Say only this: "A tender bud
That tried to blossom in the snow
Lies withered where the violets blow."

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

Olive.

Who may praise her?
Eyes whose midnight shames the sun,
Hair of night and sunshine spun,
Woven of dawn's or twilight's loom,
Radiant darkness, lustrous gloom,
Godlike childhood's flowerlike bloom,
None may praise aright, nor sing
Half the grace wherewith like spring
Love strays her.

No man living,
No man dead, save haply one
Now gone homeward past the sun,
Ever found such grace as might
Tune his tongue to praise aright
Children, flowers of love and light,
Whom our praise disparages; we
Sing in sooth but not as he
Sang thanksgiving.

Hope that smiled,
Seeing her new-born beauty, made
Out of heaven's own light and shade,
Smiled not half so sweetly, love;
Seeing the sun, far above,
Warm the nest that rears the dove,
Sees, more bright than moon or sun,
All the heaven of heavens in one
Little child.

Who may sing her?
Wings of angels when they stir
Make no music worthy her;
Sweeter sound her shy, soft words
Here than songs of God's own birds
Whom the fire of rapture girds
Round with light from love's face lit;
Hands of angels find no fit
Gifts to bring her.

Babes at birth
Wear as raiment round them cast,
Keep as witness toward their past,
Tokens left of heaven; and each,
Ere its lips learn mortal speech,
Ere sweet heaven pass on past reach,
Bears in undiverted eyes
Proof of unforgotten skies
Here on earth.

Quenched as embers
Quenched with flakes of rain or snow
Till the last faint flame burns low,
All those lustrous memories lie
Dead with babyhood gone by;
Yet in her they are not die;
Others, fair as heaven is, yet,
Now they share not heaven, forget;
She remembers.

ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE.

The surest way to please is to forget one's self and to think only of others.

Those who seek happiness in ostentation and dissipation are like those who prefer the light of a candle to the splendor of the sun.

Noted People.

President Carnot of France is not a great orator, but he writes a strong speech and delivers it effectively.

Mrs. Harrison shocks Washington fashionables by carrying her own bundles just as any other woman does.

George Bancroft, the aged historian, has been compelled, owing to continuous ill health, to abandon all his literary labors.

Mrs. Spurgeon, wife of the eminent preacher, not only makes a specialty of supplying poor pastors with books, but often sends new bonnets to their wives.

Mrs. Stonewall Jackson is said to be a modest, black eyed, dark haired little matron, somewhat inclined to portliness and decidedly averse to notoriety.

Gail Hamilton practices greater economy in writing paper than almost any other literary man or woman. She always writes on scraps of paper, the backs of old envelopes being her favorite material

Prince Ferdinand of Bavaria is really quite a useful and manly aristocrat. He practices as a physician at Munich and never receives a fee for his services. A few days ago he risked his life to save a woman from drowning.

Queen Victoria, on her recent visit to Biarritz, commissioned the American painter, William Gedney Bunce, formerly of Hartford, Ct., and lately of Venice, to paint a picture for her. This is the first time, it is said, that the Queen ever gave a commission to an American artist.

The most prominent men of letters in Chicago are Eugene Field, the poet, Opie P. Read, editor of the *Arkansaw Traveler*, John McGovern of the Chicago *Herald*, E. J. McPhelim, dramatic critic of the Chicago *Tribune*, and Ernest McGaffey, a young attorney who has done clever work both in prose and verse.

Countess Tolstoi, it is said, is the daughter of a Moscow physician, who married the court thirty years ago, when very young. She has borne him thirteen children, and upon her rests the whole management of the household. To the count the possession of a house superior to that of a peasant is a sin, and in his eyes his family lives in culpable luxury because they have servants.

They are telling rather a curious story in England just now. Mr. Walter Ingram, of the *Illustrated London News*, who, it will be remembered, was killed by an elephant in South Africa unwound an Egyptian mummy a short time before his death. Inside one of the cloths a tablet was found, and on it an inscription to the effect that the man who profaned the dead would die a violent death within three months of the sacrilegious act, and that his bones would be scattered to the winds of heaven. Within three months Mr. Walter Ingram met with a violent death in South Africa, and, if his bones were not scattered to the winds, his body met with terrible maltreatment.

A writer in *N. Y. Truth* says: "I am told that a little success has, in Mr. Archibald Gunter's case, spoiled a very agreeable man. A few months ago, when beer and free lunches were the companions of his intellect, he was one of the boys. Now it is all changed. Without the knowledge how to do it, he apes the *grand seigneur*. He drives about in an equip age that is a cross between a livery stable second and an Oshkosh holiday vehicle. He ignores all those he knew in his less prosperous days, and he sets himself to give teas, receptions and *petits dineers*. In a little while the money he made out of Mr. Barnes will have been spent, and then what will he do, poor thing? We shall have him among the Broadway pedestrians again, and that would kill his sensitive soul."

A few years ago some enthusiastic admirers of Tennyson gave a large dinner party in his honor, and invited all their choicest friends in the world of literature and art to meet him. Tennyson, who rarely accepts an invitation, did, for a wonder, put in an appearance on this occasion, but during the first half of the dinner caused the greatest disappointment by remaining absolutely silent, and as if lost in the most profound reverie. The guests, who had expected to hang on words falling like pearls of thought from his lips, gazed somewhat wistfully upon him, when suddenly arousing himself, he exclaimed in a loud, stentorian voice, "I like my mutton cut in chunks!" One cannot help suspecting that there was something of malice prepense in this burst of confidence, and that the poor man felt a not unnatural irritation at being gaped at, and a corresponding desire to punish the offenders.

Stories of the German Emperor are always abundant, often uncomplimentary and not infrequently apocryphal. Here is one which seems to have rather better credentials than usual. One day, it runs, he invited a young lieutenant, who is an excellent zither player, to dinner. The imperial family dines at 2 o'clock, and after dinner the officer gave a little concert on the zither to their majesties. Towards 4 o'clock he asked permission to retire. "Why so soon?" graciously asked the emperor. "Sire," replied the lieutenant, "I return to my garrison to-morrow, and I have promised my sister to come and say good-bye this afternoon at her pensionat." "You are a good brother; but before you go you must take coffee with us." Twenty minutes later the lieutenant went with his sovereign into the drawing-room, when whom should he see but his sister sitting next to the empress and surrounded by three or four little princes. Like a good German housewife the empress herself poured out the coffee for her visitors. The conversation, varied by music, was prolonged till the evening, when the emperor said to the two young people that he would like to keep them to supper; offering his arm to the girl, the emperor led the way into the dining-room, while the empress followed with the brother. It was a very simple meal which was placed before them, consisting of a dish of vegetables and a piece of roast meat. But it appeared that it was rather more elaborate than usual, for the amiable empress said laughingly: "You must not think that we have always such luxurious suppers. It is only when we have visitors that we are so grand."

To the Woods.

What a marvelous May this is, girls! I remember none like it. She seems to have lost all her old caution and to be lavishing her treasures with such wild extravagance that she must become bankrupt or borrow from June if she would conclude her visit with becoming splendor.

We no longer need to seek the flowers. They are blossoming around us in such profusion. Here on the hill sides the great white trillium are gleaming everywhere—many already wearing the reddish tinge they so often don before they die. Here, too, the May apples, or mandrake, have spread their light green, satin-like umbrellas, from under which peep their lovely waxen white blossoms, and down in the ravine there seems to run a river of gold, so thickly and so brightly yellow grow the gay marsh marigolds about the margin of the little stream.

MARSH MARIGOLD.

But the anemone is becoming every day rarer; what a lovely little flower it is, with the exquisite tea-rose tinting of its tiny bud, and the snowy petals of its full-blown flower so daintily tipped with pink. Yes, the anemone and the white hepatica—growing about the same height—look somewhat alike, but they are readily distinguishable, the former having only five petals, while those of the latter vary in number from six to twelve. The leaves, too, are very different, the hepatica's being broad, blunt and lying close to the earth; and those of the anemone—which grow in groups of three half way up the stem—thin, slender, and each divided into three parts. There is a later flowering, and much larger, anemone, which grows in rocky places and by pebbly streams.

ANEMONE.

And here is the purple trillium, which in the Eastern States is often called the birth root, the latest of all its lovely race, as the exquisite painted trillium—so delicately pencilled with pale pink—is the rarest.

What a luxuriance of palmy ferns, and how short a time it seems since they were but upraising their silver headed crooks.

We ought to find jack-in-the-pulpit here; this is about the time for his open air preaching, but he is so modest and unobtrusive that he may have come and gone unnoticed. Is not that a wonderfully graphic name for him. The tall, lily-like cups make a capital pulpit; the over-hanging, purple-striped lip represents the sounding-board, and the purple spadix within, the dark-robed preacher. The Indian turnip, as this plant is generally called, is one of the arum family, and the pieces of the round, bulbous root from which it takes this latter name, are very poisonous, though largely and beneficially employed as medicine by the Indians.

INDIAN TURNIP.

Is not that cat-bird's cry ridiculously like the me-ow of a lost kitten? Just listen! he must be quite near; and if we keep quiet we will probably soon see him, for he is a restless body, and is constantly flitting about in the underbrush. Look! there he is, nearly as large as a robin, but much more slender and very different in color—a dark, bluish slate, almost black—his sober suit being only relieved by a patch of bright red just under his long tail. But that unmusical cry is not his only contribution to the woodland concert. He has quite a variety of notes; they are strung together in such an incoherent, unrythmical jumble, never twice alike, that he really seems rather trying how many other birds he can mimic, than singing a song of his own; and it takes a good deal of familiarity with his tricks and his manners to feel quite sure it is really he.

Here is another of our May beauties, the squirrel-corn, with its chime of lovely waxlike, pale pink bells and its exquisite odor. Many people call it wild hyacinth—and it really bears some slight resemblance to the Norman hyacinth, with bells flattened in stead of round. One would never guess how it came by its name of squirrel-corn, unless, happening to lift it by its roots, the group of little corn-like bulbs that hang there should be discovered. The Indians say that these form a favorite food of the ground squirrel.

SQUIRREL CORN.

Look, look, in that hazel bush. Do you see that little bird with the coat of drabbish green. He is cousin to the pee-wee, and one of the fly-catcher family. He, too, has only a little song of two notes, but unlike phœbe's, which is sweet and melancholy, his is short and sharp, sounding like che-bec, che-bec, and to my mind is unpleasantly suggestive of the filing of a saw.

A starry flower above a star of leaves, shines the tiny chickweed, belated here in this shady nook under the bushes and in some branches over-head—trilling out his evening hymn—is the little song sparrow, who might teach us Canadians the wholesome lesson to set more store upon our native worth; for, though he has the same brown coat, grey vest and black shield on his breast, as distinguish that rapacious bully his English relative, he has most gentle manners and a soft, sweet song.

DONNA BIANCA.

Old Erie.

For Saturday Night.

A dash of yellow sand,
Wind-scattered and sun-tanned,
Some waves that curl and cream along the margin of the strand,

And creeping close to these
Long shores that lounge at ease,
Old Erie rocks and ripples to a fresh sou'-western breeze.

A sky of blue and gray,
Some stormy clouds that play
At scurrying up with ragged edge—then laughing blow away,
Just leaving in their trail
Some patches of a gale,
To whistling summer winds we lift a single daring sail.

O! wind so sweet and swift,
O! danger-freighted gift
Bestowed on Erie with her waves that foam and fall and lift,

We laugh in your wild face,
And break into a race
With flying clouds and tossing gulls that seem to interlace.

Had we the choice of bliss,
Could we woo fortune's kiss
Could we have all our heart's desire it surely would be this,
We ask for nothing more
Than sailing over and over
Old Erie as she curls upon the south Canadian shore.

E. PAULINE JOHNSON.

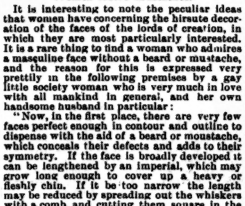
The American Duchess.

The years since the penniless Miss Lily Price of Troy became Miss Louis Hamersley—now Duchess of Marlborough—have not been many. She was the daughter of Commodore Cicero Price, U. S. N., whose death occurred last year, and her first marriage was so clearly for money that all the world wondered. I don't, however, if she so much as dreamed that millions would so soon be placed in her control by the departure from this world of her father-in-law, Mr. Gordon Hamersley, and that her peculiar looking and inconvenient husband, whose abnormally shaped head made him the observed of all observers, would so speedily follow. At one time he had been engaged to a girl in New York, who, finally, as the time approached to consider the wedding, broke off the affair, not being able to make up her mind to marry him. She afterward married a man of very small fortune and is living, I believe, very happily.

After the death of Louis Hamersley, it was thought that his widow would bestow her hand where the dictates of her heart might lead her, but she was wary, and the possession of a fortune stirred her ambitious fancies. Then came the long litigation over her husband's will, and who can forget the plucky old housekeeper, Becky Jones, who had lived in the Hamersley family for years, and knew more of the secrets of the last illness of Louis Hamersley and the drawing up of the will than she was willing to divulge, and who, for contempt of court in refusing to answer questions, was placed in Ludlow street jail, where she valiantly remained for a year? Even then not a word could be gotten out of her whom the contesting parties to the will were so anxious to "pump." It was claimed that the fair Mrs. Hamersley had used undue influence to have the will made for her benefit, and that cousins and relations and those interested were not allowed to see Mr. Louis Hamersley or to have a word with him during his illness. However, the decision, as is well known, was in her favor, and the Hamersley cousins must be content to wait many a year—for the Duchess of Marlborough is in fairly good health—for their money.

Much of the estate will go to charities in case Mr. Hooker Hamersley has no son, for one curious clause in the will is to that effect. Mr. Hooker Hamersley was not married at the time, and no end of amusement was caused by the peculiar proviso. He has since, however, married Miss Margery Chisholm, but as yet no son has come to bless them. During the ex-Mrs. Hamersley's widowhood she could not begin to spend her income, and saved a goodly portion of it, much of which has doubtless been put into repairs and orchids at Blenheim.

An Unlucky Recommendation.



Cohen.—I tell you, my friend, dhose clodhings will wear like iron!

Upson Downes.—I believe you; they look a little rusty already.—*Puck.*

Women Adore Mustaches.

It is interesting to note the peculiar ideas that women have concerning the hirsute decoration of the faces of the lords of creation, in which they are most particularly interested. It is a rare thing to find a woman who admires a masculine face without a beard or mustache, and the reason for this is expressed very prettily in the following premises by a gay little society woman who is very much in love with all mankind in general, and her own handsome husband in particular:

"Now, in the first place, there are very few faces perfect enough in contour and outline to dispense with the aid of a beard or moustache, which conceals their defects and adds to their symmetry. If the face is broadly developed it can be lengthened by an imperial, which may grow long enough to cover up a heavy or fleshly chin. If it be too narrow the length may be reduced by spreading out the whiskers with a comb, and cutting them square in the English fashion. Then the mouth is the one tell-tale feature of the face. You can keep secrets out of your eyes, but your mouth tells everything. It is there that all weakness betrays itself, and women do not admire weakness in a man, consequently they like that which conceals it most effectually. Women like men just because they are not women, and they admire most in them that which is most strongly indicative of manliness, strength, and power. A smooth face and long curling hair seem effeminate and weak and womanish, and then you know it is naughty to say it, but really 'a kiss without a moustache is like an egg without salt,' according to an old French saying, which is very true if it isn't very nice."

Another pretty, coquettish lady answered, in reply to the query as to whether she admired a man all shaven and shorn more than one bearded like a grenadier: "It all depends upon the man." She added: "If the man happen to be in love with has a moustache I think all moustaches are divine; but if he happens to be smooth-faced, I cannot understand why all men do not shave." I think that is the way with most women, and women usually resent any change in the way a man wears his beard as they would object to his changing the color of his eyes with every moon. A woman's love is tenacious and clings to that which first awakens it."

The Wise Virgin.

Perdita (heroically)—I cannot, I will not marry you, Alfred, against your mother's wish.
Alfred—I wish you were not so sensitive.
Perdita—It is not because I am sensitive; it is because your father's estate is left at her disposal.—*N. Y. Life.*

After Many Years.

"Can I speak with you a minute?" he asked of one of the officers on duty in the City Hall yesterday.

"Yes, sir. What is it?"

"Do you observe anything queer about my legs?"

"Stand off and let me see! Why, yes, I observe——"

"What? Don't be backward about telling me."

"My friend, are those legs just as they always have been?"

"They are."

"Haven't they been broken?"

"No, sir."

"Nor twisted wrong-side to?"

"No, sir."

"Well, you are the bow-leggedest chap I ever saw. You couldn't look worse if you were trying to walk on each side of a barrel."

"That's honest, is it?"

"It is."

"Then it's all right and I am much obliged. The boys were hollering at me all the way up from the depot and I wanted to see if what they said was true."

"Didn't any of your friends tell you that you were badly sprung out of shape?"

"Yes, a dozen of them, and I turned to and licked every mother's son for a liar. I am now going to head for home and tender each one an apology. Truth has been a long time coming, but she's here at last. I am a tunnel-shaped man and I've got to put up with it. Thanks, old fellow, and if it ever comes my way to do you a good turn these bow-legs will canter to your assistance."—*Detroit Free Press.*

How She Told The Latest Joke.

Mrs. Jason came home the other evening with her face "wreathed in smiles," as the novelists have it.

"Well, what are you grinning at?" was the cordial greeting of her lord and master.

"I heard something funny down town," she answered.

"Well, what was it?"

"Oh, nothing much. I happened to meet little Johnnie Figg, who used to keep the apple stand across the way, you know, and he's got a better one down town now. I asked him how he was getting along, and he says to me, 'Oh, I'm still keeping a stand, you see.' I thought it was the cutest thing I had heard for a good while."

"Oh, you did, did you, Maria?" If I ever see where the laugh comes in, I'll try and smile, even if I have to gag up in the middle of the night to do so," was his crushing reply, to which she deigned no answer.

About two o'clock in the morning Mr. Jason was awakened from a dream of being stabbed by a masked assassin to find his wife energetically nudging him below the fifth rib.

"Oh, Jehiel, I had that wrong," she twittered, in a tone of one who has made a great discovery. "Johnny said his business was at a stand still. You see the point now, don't you?"

"Yes, I reckon so," said the old man in no gracious tones, "and if I feel the point of your infernal elbow jabbing me in the ribs any more to-night, I'll go to sleep in the barn. Do you hear?"

"And he didn't laugh either, as he promised to," was her reflection as she settled down to sleep again, with the sweet consciousness of duty performed.

Mrs. De Pah-Venoo at the Concert.

"Mabel, what is the next number?"
"Meditation in A flat, mamma."
"Meditations in a flat! Dear me! How vulgah and commonplace!"

How to Make Old Clothes Useful.

What shall we do with our old clothes? asks a correspondent.

Start a newspaper to fill a long-felt want; you will need them afterward.

A Hopeless Task.

"Now, sir," said the judge, who had been sorely tired by the stupidity of the preceding witness, "I want you to give your testimony so that the jury can form an intelligent idea of the matter, or I will commit you for contempt." The witness looked earnestly upon the jury and then shook his head despairingly as he rose and left the box. "Send me to jail, judge," he said, resignedly, "there's no use wastin' time here." He was excused.

Youthful Innocence.

"Pa, do you ever fight?" asked little Georgie.
"No, my son; why do you ask?"
"Because I heard ma tell Kitty's music teacher that you could give Bluebeard points and then knock him out." A silence so loud that it could be felt settled over the family group.

Wouldn't be Imposed On.

Mr. Longpurse (married a month)—What! Here's a bill from Dr. Windontooth for those teeth you had filled last week. My dear, it isn't right for me to pay this.

Mrs. Longpurse (with spirit)—Well, sir; I should like you to inform me who would be the proper person to pay it, then?

Mr. Longpurse—Holy smoke! Your mother, of course. Think I'm going to pay dentists for stooping up holes that you had in your teeth before you married me and left the maternal roof? Well, I guess not.

The Point of Honor.

Teacher—Adams, do you know who made that noise?

Adams (who is the guilty one)—I know, but I do not like to tell.

Teacher—You are a gentleman, sir.

A Long Ceremony.

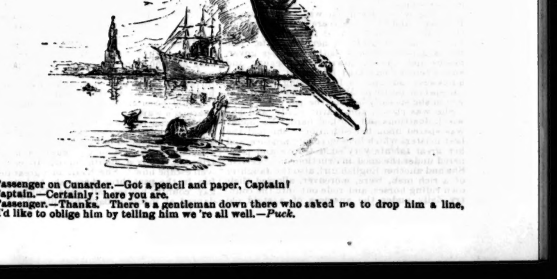
"Better not wait for Charlie any longer. You know what it is when a fellow is calling on his girl."

"Ah, there they are now! He is just bidding her good-night."

"All right; let us go and have a game of billiards. We'll just have time."

A weapon is anything that can serve to wound; and sentiments are perhaps the most cruel weapons man can employ to wound his fellow man.

Unseamanlike.



Passenger on Cunarder.—Got a pencil and paper, Captain?
Captain.—Certainly; here you are.
Passenger.—Thanks. There's a gentleman down there who asked me to drop him a line, and I'd like to oblige him by telling him we're all well.—*Puck.*

Lord Elwyn's Daughter

OUR "FAMILY HERALD" SERIES. ALL RIGHTS RESEAVED.

CHAPTER IX.

It was three whole years and more since Lady Elwyn had informed her step-daughter with brutal coldness of the destiny to which in her heartlessness and cruelty she designed to marry Kathleen—three whole years since Kathleen Elwyn a scul, meek and sweet-tempered as by nature it was, rose up nevertheless into an open rebellion within her against the tyrannical decree of her father's wife. Kathleen could afford to smile now because it was so long ago; still she could never quite forget the terrors of the domestic storm which was evoked by her point-blank refusal to agree to the proposition of the woman whose sole object was to get rid of her by her marriage with Colonel Elwyn. Perhaps Lady Elwyn had mistaken the character of the girl with whom she had to deal—perhaps she had expected only mild protests and passionate tears, and in the end a sullen submission to her will. Certainly she was wholly unprepared for the indignation, the righteous wrath, the proud resentment with which the disclosure of her schemes for her future was met.

What the girl did and what she said on that memorable day is for ever inscribed upon the recollection of all who were concerned in the business—how, like a wild creature, she flew along the passage to her father's library, and there cast herself breathless upon her knees at his feet; how Lord Elwyn was much troubled at the moment by a falsification on the part of his head-bailiff in the accounts of the home-farm, and irritated into the bargain by the premonitory symptoms of an attack of gout, was more annoyed than touched by the intrusion and by the recital of her wrongs, and was inclined to turn a deaf ear to what seemed to him an inopportune violence of a peulant child; how Lady Elwyn next rushed into his sanctum and proceeded to give her version of what had taken place, fuming forth angrily the words "impertinence," "disobedience," "insubordination;" how the fair Lucille, determined to and fuel to the fire, followed her aunt with incoherent accusations against the unhappy girl for her "flirting ways" and "unladylike behavior;" and how, finally, Colonel Elwyn, annoying accidentally into the library, was much more startled than flattered to discover with what rage and indignation his matrimonial overtures had been received by the fair girl whom he had honored with his admiration. All these things were now a matter of history; but they nearly turned the Castle of Clortell Towers inside out at the time, and they were prospective of the most important results to the fortunes of Kathleen.

When the storm had subsided and the belligerents were scattered—when Kathleen had been dismissed in disgrace to her own bedroom, there to receive the ministrations of the sympathetic Gorman—when Miss Maitland had gone out for a long ride to cool her fevered blood, and the colonel, with much disgust, had been himself back to London by the early train—then Lady Elwyn, as was natural, remained mistress of the situation, holding all the trump cards comfortably and securely in her own hands.

Lord Elwyn, annoyed beyond measure at the scene of the morning, upset by his cousin's sudden departure, and writhing in the first anguish of his periodical enemy the gout, was not perhaps in a mood to be either just or merciful to his child. As to the self-bred middle-aged Englishmen, anything like a "scene," more especially one that entailed the angry recriminations of a woman, was quite abhorrent to him. He was easily persuaded into believing that Kathleen was unruly and unreasonable.

"If she didn't fancy Alfred, why didn't she say so quietly and without a fuss?" he inquired between his groans, as he hugged his bandaged foot.

"Exactly," replied his wife—"instead of blazing like a fury. My dear, the girl wants discipline and repose, as I told you before. She is not her fault perhaps, poor child; but she is very young, and there is plenty of time for her to improve."

Lady Elwyn spoke kindly and sensibly. She was a clever woman, and her lord was as wax in her hands. She meant to win the day, and she did win it.

A mysterious hush fell upon the household for the next three or four days. Lord Elwyn, who was really ill, kept his own counsel. Lady Elwyn wrote a great many letters and telegrams, to which answers poured in frequently, and were as invariably of a judicial aspect. Lucille smiled satirically and uttered many little cutting remarks of ambiguous import; and poor Kathleen crept about the house red-eyed and leaden footed, feeling that her fate was somehow in the balance, and wondering what dreadful thing was to happen to her.

After all, she was relieved when the event was told her. She was to go away to school—to a first-class finishing school in Brussels—there to remain until the finishing process was fully and efficiently carried out upon her. She was to have no home holidays, but to remain with Mademoiselle Regaud during the vacations as a companion rather than as a pupil. She offered no resistance to these arrangements. It was ten thousand times better than being married to Colonel Elwyn before her well, and her life would possibly be a far happier one than under her father's roof.

She left Clortell Towers with few regrets. Lord Elwyn, who was still too ill to see her for more than a minute, kissed her and gave her a gold bracelet as a parting present, and bade her be a good girl; while Lady Elwyn, standing by during the interview, hurried her quickly out of his presence under pretence of his being too unwell to be excited, and there were no farewell words of any kind uttered between herself and Lucille, who carefully made herself invisible at the very moment when the carriage came to the door.

Poor Kathleen's fondest good-byes were spoken to old Gorman, who wept copious tears over her as she clasped her to her bosom, and also to a certain path in the kitchen garden, embowered in roses and sheltered by hollyhocks, to which she stole surreptitiously to bid adieu to these silent witnesses of the happiest hour of her young life.

"I wonder if he knows, or, if he knew, whether he would care?" she murmured to herself; and then, poor foolish child, she knelt down under the shadow of the briar hedge and touched with her lips the blessed spot on the gravel walk upon which Sir Adrian's feet had rested at the moment when, forgetting honor and faith for sweet love's sake, he had stolen his first and only kiss from her lips. Alas, he was far away salmon-fishing in Ireland, and knew nothing of the trouble into which poor little Kathleen had so sadly fallen, partly by his own fault! So she went away unregretted from her father's house, and entered upon a new existence.

On the whole, Kathleen was very happy at Brussels; and the three years which she spent there were, if not the most full of joy, at any rate the most peaceful of her whole life. She was a general favorite both with her governesses and school-fellows. Her beauty and sweet temper endeared her to all, whilst her quickness and capacity for learning earned her the special notice of Mademoiselle Regaud, of whom she speedily became the pet pupil.

She was clever, and learnt easily, and she was industrious and worked hard. No money was spared upon her education. She had the best masters which Brussels could produce, and her great talents very soon throve and prospered under the good instruction she received. She and another English girl, also the daughter of a rich man, were, moreover, allowed their own riding horses, and rode out into the country daily under the auspices of a staid old riding master who had once been a sergeant in a cavalry regiment. What he taught them was doubtful; but the girls, who were both intrepid and high-spirited, learnt more than enough by themselves; and in any case he served as a respectable escort, and struggled bravely to keep pace with his young charges, who were always galloping hard across the flat meadows ahead of him.

So three years slipped away quickly and happily, and Kathleen was quite sad when, just after her twentieth birthday, there came a letter from Lord Elwyn to say that she was to leave school and come home for good when the Christmas holidays arrived.

All this time she had never forgotten Sir Adrian Deverell, whose memory remained enshrined in her innermost heart as something too sweet and too sacred to be spoken of even to her most intimate friends. But the recollection of Colonel Elwyn and his aquiline nose and cynical face only made her laugh amusedly as she recalled the episode of his rapid fancy and the violent and angry snub which she had incontinently bestowed upon his proposal—and As to Tom Darley and her long-ago promises, and his love and threats, they had faded from her mind so completely that they scarcely seemed to have had any place at all in her life.

The trees in the long avenue were black and bare, and the sky was gray and lowering, and old Winter held the plains and land fast in his dreary grip, when, for the second time, Kathleen Elwyn drove up alone to the great doorway of Clortell Towers. All seemed unchanged as she peered eagerly out of the brougham windows; while Simpkins, hastening forward to throw open the doors at her approach, with the powdered twins, his satellites in his wake, reminded her forcibly of her first arrival at her father's house.

But, if these things were very much the same as of old, Kathleen herself was changed almost beyond belief. The tall well-dressed young lady, wrapped in a handsome fur cloak, who alighted from the carriage and smiled a gracious greeting of perfect self-possession at the old family butler, turning round to give some direction in French to the smart little Belgian lady's-maid who followed her, bore but little similitude to the badly-dressed and nervous girl of years before, who was so ignorant that she did not know which way to turn and so shy that the very men-servants had filled her with awe and terror. But that she was the very same Kathleen Elwyn at heart might have been guessed perhaps from the vivid blush which covered her face as she caught sight of Sir Adrian Deverell standing in the hall as she entered. He was the first person to take her hand as she crossed the threshold.

Perhaps he too remembered the August moonlight night of long ago, for a slight flush mounted to his brow as he welcomed her; and, as he held her hand, an irresistible impulse made him survey her rapidly from head to foot. Was this the poor despised little Kathleen whom Lucille talked about as the "barmaid's daughter"—this beautiful, graceful woman with the perfect figure and grand dark eyes and dazzling complexion?

"How changed you are!" he could not help exclaiming; and that the change was for the better might easily have been read in the smiling eyes.

"Am I changed? I have only grown older," answered the girl laughingly, adding, with a shadow of deeper feeling, "I am not changed at all to my friends, Sir Adrian. Ah, here is dearest papa!"—and she flew across the hall to embrace her father.

Lady Elwyn was there too; and Lucille, impelled by curiosity, followed slowly in the wake of her aunt to inspect the new comer. They were both scarcely prepared to see that the girl had returned not only beautified beyond conception by careful and affectionate training, but also self-possessed in manner, and quite free from the painful timidity which had rendered her awkward and strange on her first appearance amongst them. Kathleen as she was now was, they felt instinctively, a far more formidable enemy than the girl who had gone away three years before. They made, however, a show of welcoming her heartily, chiming her coldly and making a few formal inquiries concerning her journey. But Lord Elwyn could not conceal his delight and admiration, and held her at arm's length whilst he gave vent to his feelings.

"Well, Brussels has done wonders indeed for you, my child! I never saw a girl improved in my life! Just look at her, Adelaide—did you ever see such a difference?"

"Kathleen is certainly looking well," assented Lady Elwyn coldly. "You see, my dear, I was quite right in advising your father to send you to school."

"Well, school, or something or other, has made a marvellous change in her anyhow!"—and Lord Elwyn kissed his daughter anew with much tenderness.

Lucille turned round to her betrothed, who, leaning back against a table, was observing the little scene with interested eyes.

"All this family effusion is very stupid for you and me, Adrian! Come round to the stables and look at my mare; we shall just have time before it gets dark."

With an effort, he roused himself to a sense of his duty and followed her out of the house.

"Good gracious," cried Miss Maitland, with a gesture of impatience, as soon as they were out of earshot, "what a fuss uncle makes over that wretched girl! I don't see any difference in her myself; she seems to have a little more cheek than she used to have—French or Belgian varnish, I suppose. I can't see any other alteration in her—can you?"

"Miss Elwyn was always a pretty girl; it seems to me that she has developed into an exceedingly beautiful woman," replied Sir Adrian gravely, without looking at his companion.

She glanced at him sharply. A singular expression passed over her face. Of all unbearable things to Lucille Maitland, that another woman's looks should be praised in her presence was what she hated the most. She looked upon it as an insult to her own beauty, as derogatory to the loveliness which was hers by a sort of Divine right, that another face should be considered even worthy of mention whilst she was present. That such mention should be made by her own lover in speaking to herself almost amounted in her eyes to a deliberate insult.

A wave of malignant anger swept like a dark cloud across her peerless face, changing it for a moment into a very mockery of itself. If Sir Adrian looked up then, instead of contemplating absorbedly the gravel drive beneath his feet, he might well have doubted whether his golden-haired queen of beauty could even in her face be properly said to vie in fashion with sweet dark-eyed Kathleen. Fortunately perhaps for him, Adrian missed the look of rage and anger. He only heard the cool sarcasm in the contemptuous words which followed after a moment's interval.

"Dear me, Adrian, you seem absolutely smitten with that girl! If I remember rightly, long ago you were somewhat sweet upon her; and I fancy she inveigled you into quite a little flirtation. My poor boy, take care of your heart, pray! As we are to be married so soon, it would be safer perhaps to keep out of this charmer's way."

"How can you be so foolish, Lucille?" he interrupted hurriedly, with some show of annoyance on his clouded brow.

Lucille laughed a merry laugh—a laugh of triumph. Only a month more! He could not well escape now! She had had a great deal of fun in the past three years—she had stayed in gay country-houses all over England, had danced at manifold balls, had flirted—oh, who could tell how much she had flirted!—but through it all she had kept her hold upon her lover. She had never given him one loop-hole for escape, nor said or done one single word or thing that could be said to overstep the borderline of the correct behavior of an engaged young lady—not as far as any one could see, at any rate; and all the time she had had a great deal of fun, and she had driven one man at least to the very verge of madness. Oh, she had been very clever!

They were at the stables by this time, and the mare that was to carry her mistress to hounds in the morning came in for a great deal of attention and comment. When they came out of her loose-box, Lucille observed the neat hunters in clothing being led into the yard by a couple of stablemen.

"What are those two horses?" inquired Miss Maitland of the head groom, who was locking the stable door behind her. "They are new, aren't they? I do not remember seeing either of them before. What good-looking animals!"

"They only arrived this morning, miss; and the men has just been exercising them a bit, as the bay is to go out to-morrow. They are Miss Elwyn's hunters, miss, that my lord has bought for her to hunt this season."

"Miss Elwyn's hunters!" repeated Lucille, with angry amazement, turning round upon the man. "Miss Elwyn has never hunted in her life. Crewe—she cannot possibly require hunters!"

"Beg pardon, miss, but my lord said Miss Elwyn would hunt to-morrow; and I am to attend on her as her own groom, and follow her the whole day. It was I as taught her to ride first, if you remember, miss, when she was here before; and she has her hoss uncommon well then—uncommon well," added Crewe, with appreciative candor.

Lucille walked away angrily; her rage and jealousy could no longer be smothered.

"This is unendurable!" she cried, as soon as they were outside of the stable-yard. "Two horses for that chit of a girl! I wonder I know how to get on a horse, I should say, whilst I have never been allowed to have more than one here! I must get Aunt Adelaide to interfere. One of those horses ought to be mine; but it seems that I am to be nobody, whilst she is to be everybody now."

"Is it not natural, seeing that she is Lord Elwyn's daughter, whilst you are only his niece by marriage, Lucille?"

"Daughter indeed! What sort of a daughter, I wonder? Anyhow, my mother was a lady, and everbody knows that she was properly married to my father in York Cathedral; but, as to the barmaid, who can say whether she was ever really married to my uncle or not?"

"Lucille, you are making a frightful accusation for which you have not the slightest grounds!" cried Adrian, with honest indignation. "It's a pity that you should give way to unworthy jealousy."

"Jealousy indeed—I jealous of that creature! Great heavens, Adrian, how ridiculous! How could I be jealous? I am only surprised that Uncle Edward should be so insane as to place his daughter upon thoroughbred hunters good enough for you or me to ride, when she knows nothing about hunting, and will probably tumble off at the first fence!" And she added mentally, "And a good thing too if she broke her neck over it!"

Meanwhile Kathleen was realizing to her sorrow that one familiar face had passed away from Clortell Towers for ever. Poor old Gorman was no longer there to pet her and to warn her against the pitfalls which lay on every side of her. Kathleen had been told that her elderly maid had died in the previous spring of an attack of inflammation of the lungs; but she had scarcely understood what a void her death would make to her until she found herself once more in her own pretty rooms, and missed the kind old woman who had given her so motherly a welcome on her first arrival.

"There will be nobody to caution me against wicked Lucille now," she thought, the tears, with a half-smile and a tear in her eye. "Not that such cautions will be needed," she added to herself with confidence. But, could she have been present only that very morning during an interview between Lord and Lady Elwyn after breakfast, she might have been of a different opinion.

"Alfred will come on here on Friday from the De la Brailles," Lady Elwyn had said, referring to a letter she had received that morning's post. "He says he will be hunting to-morrow; so, if Kathleen goes out, he will meet her."

Lord Elwyn murmured to himself.

"He seems as keen as possible about that match still, Edward. I do hope you are not going to raise any objections!"

Lord Elwyn was more under his wife's thumb now than he had been three years before. His health was broken, and his spirits were quite depressed. He was not an old man in years, but he had had several attacks of illness, and he had aged considerably since Kathleen had gone away to Brussels. He generally succumbed to his imperious wife now.

"The man is old enough to be her father, you know," he said, shaking his head dubiously.

"What does that matter? Hundreds of marriages with as great a disparity have been remarkably happy ones."

"Yes; that is true, But Kathleen, if you remember, was terrified when it was suggested to her before. I don't wan my little girl driven into marriage with any man."

"Certainly not, my love; neither do I; but she will be older now, and wiser, no doubt. Alfred has sown his wild oats, and will make less settle down into an exemplary husband; and, besides, you must acknowledge that to keep the money together would be a grand thing."

"Yes; that was where she always overcame him—money and the title together! It had been the desire of his life; and just as its crowning sorrow had been the loss of his heir, so its chiefest dream after that sad event had been to somehow his daughter and his cousin might agree together as man and wife at Clortell after he was gone. At the bottom of his heart he must have known that to unite a young and pure-souled girl to a hardened *roue* old enough to be her father was a terrible thing to do; yet his ambition was so nearly concerned in the matter that he obstinately refused to look at it in that light.

"Anyhow, I won't have the child forced into it," he said. "If it comes about naturally, of course I shall raise no objection."

"It shall come about naturally," Lady Elwyn had answered confidently; and in her own mind she determined that it should—at any rate, in Lord Elwyn's eyes.

"I was too hasty last time," she said to herself, as she folded up the letter; "but I shall know better now."

(To be Continued.)

He Probably Thinks It Is.

A man was to lecture on the subject, "Is marriage a failure?" the night before the engagement, much to the disappointment of the public, who were anxious to have the question answered. Later on it was learned that the man had been summoned home to help his wife take care of a pair of twins which had made their appearance in his absence.

A Mule Wanted.

A man who keeps a livery stable had a mule for sale, and, hearing that a friend in town wanted to buy one, he sent him the following, written on a post card:

"Dear Jo—, If you are looking for an A 1 mule, don't forget me. Yours, etc., F—"

"Shoo Fly!"

An anecdote is related of a German musician who is imperturbable, especially in the orchestra, where he plays the trombone with a stolid expression indicating interest, but no enthusiasm. Suddenly the trombone shot out a blare that caused the leader to raise his hands in horror and glance about to see what had happened. The players all stopped. Said the offender, glaring at the score before him:

"Dot vos a mashed fly, but I blayed him!" And he held up the sheet, revealing a note that proved to be the mangled remains of the insect in question.

Death and the Legislator.

A legislator lay one day,
As sick as others were of him.
When Death came riding by that way,
And shouted hoarsely, "Jim!"
That was the sick man's name, you see,
Said Death, "J.im, come along with me."

The legislator looked aghast
And muttered, "Mr. Speaker, I
My vote 'gainst this proposal cast.
If I weren't growing weaker!
Would tell you twenty reasons why
It is not right for me to die."

The white horse tramped upon the floor,
And Death repeated, "Jim, I can't
Afford with you to parley more
My time is growing scant—
You'll travel on a pass, you know."
Jim smiled and whispered, "Then I'll go."

When Greek Meets Greek.

Two travellers, one short and stout, the other tall and thin, met in the coffee-room of the Golden Stag, where they soon got over the formalities of an introduction.

"Von Bierman, landed proprietor," said the stout gentleman.

"Very pleased to make your acquaintance; my name is Thinnendfeld," said the thin one. "You don't seem very well," he continued, and the stout gentleman hastened to observe: "Oh! I'm as right as a trivet!"

Thin Gent.—Appearances don't go for much, my dear sir, and, judging by your looks, you might have a stroke any time; you have such a thick neck and such a red in the face.

Stout Gent.—Pooh! what does that signify so long as one has a healthy appetite? But really, my dear sir, when I come to look at you I should say that you were consumptive!

T. G.—Nonsense! Never felt better in my life; in fact my wife says nobody enjoys his health better than I do.

S. G.—Then you are married? Any family?

T. G.—Yes, three girls, and you?

S. G.—I have only been married three years and have got a little boy.

T. G.—Humph! You really ought to make some provision for the future. When a man stands alone it does not matter so much, but the head of a family has to think of others than himself.

S. G.—I am delighted to hear you talk in that strain. You are perfectly right; suppose a father of three children dies and leaves his offspring unprovided for; it is too dreadful to think of. Of course, one cannot tell when such an event may happen; but, if appearances may be trusted, you, my dear sir, have every reason to assume that your life will be a short one. Your complexion, your inflated nose, your sunken eyes, the pale color of your lips, your shambling gait—all these indications tend to show that your days are numbered.

T. G. (intensely amused)—I am exceedingly obliged for the friendly warning, though I beg to differ from your view of the case. On the contrary, I am of the opinion that a person of your constitution is not likely to live long. Just look at yourself in the glass, that bloated face intersected with blue veins, and that distended body poised on a pair of attenuated limbs, manifestly point to an early decline. Therefore if you wish to leave your wife and child comfortably off at your death, I would strongly advise you to insure with a good company at a high premium. The sum of 100,000 marks payable at your decease would cost at your age pray how old are you?

S. G.—Thirty-four.

T. G.—Thirty-four (turning over the leaves of a little book)—here we are—will cost in annual premiums——

S. G.—Not nearly so small an amount as with the company I have the honor to represent! We have the lowest premiums.

T. G. (quickly putting the little book into his pocket, with an air of bitter disappointment)—Why didn't you say so before!—*Fliegende Blatter.*

Curiosities of Journalism.

She fell speechless to the ground like a corpse, exclaiming: "Is he dead?"

He could not complete the sentence, for the paper he was reading fell from his arms, drew him towards the couch, and whispered in a tone of anguish and despair: "To be continued."

This was the sentiment and various other kinds of poetry at Schmidt's Restaurant.

On entering the town last Monday the illustrious visitors were ushered by a lovely group of young ladies of the fifteenth century.

Owing to the excellent acoustic properties of the large hall, the male choruses achieved a remarkable success. Like the rushing of a mighty wind, the fortes rolled along with fierce intensity, whilst the pianinos seemed to die away in remote corners.

Disappointing.

Mrs. Culture—Well, my dear, did you meet Mr. Greathead, the eminent scientist and philosopher, whose vast stores of knowledge and mental acumen are the wonder of even this mighty age?

Daughter—Yes, ma.

"Oh, I'm so glad. Sit right down and tell me all about it."

"All he said was, 'It's a very wet day.'"

A Stainless Cloth.

Jinks—I called at your boarding-house to-day and saw the table nearly set for dinner, and I must say things looked very neat. I never saw a whiter tablecloth in my life.

Blinks—No, she doesn't make her tea, coffee, or soups strong enough to stain.

The Canvasser Ahead.

Mr. Overplus (the bank president, opening his roll top in the morning)—What's this?

Ipatein—De desg vas not locged, so I got me in yoost after you left last night, mein frient, unt I vaited. I hef der life ohf Vashington in two volumes, ver sheap.—*Puck.*

A Poor Boarding-House.

Miss De Pink—I will be so glad when George and I are married, and he can have a home of his own.

Friend—He boards now, I suppose.

"Yes, and such a time as he must have. Even their coffee can't be anything but hot water and peas, because he has to chew real coffee half the time to make up."

WOMEN AND HICE.

The reason why a woman is afraid of a mouse is a profound mystery—indeed, it has never been very clearly proven that she is. But some women are constantly in such a nervous, irritable condition that the slightest thing annoys and startles them. The cause of this unfortunate state of affairs is usually some functional derangement, some distressing or painful irregularity, some derangement or peculiar weakness incident to her sex; or, it may be due to inflammation, ulceration or displacement, of some of the pelvic viscera, or to other organic lesions peculiar to her sex. From whichever cause it may arise, Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is a *positive remedy*, so certain in its curative results that its manufacturers make it, through druggists, under a *guarantee* of its giving satisfaction in every case, or money paid for it will be *promptly refunded.* As a soothing and strengthening nervine, "Favorite Prescription" is unequaled and is invaluable in allaying and subduing nervous excitability, irritability, exhaustion, prostration, hysteria, spasms and other distressing, nervous symptoms commonly attendant upon functional and organic disease of the womb. It induces refreshing sleep and relieves mental anxiety and despondency.

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CHAPTER XVII.

Around the lake was perhaps the prettiest part of the park, and the view which could be seen from it was as beautiful as any which the Towers and its neighborhood could boast; but, although the weather was all that could be desired and the summer at its fairest, scarcely one of the trio enjoyed the splendid morning out in the air and the sun.

Certainly Angel did not. Adela did not play with her—hardly talked to her—and Duke teased her, which caused her to burst into passionate tears at last, and declare, stamping her foot, that she hated him. Certainly Duke himself did not; for Adela read her book so persistently and snubbed him with such unprecedented spite that he was altogether discouraged for the time being, and went off in a fume at last, wondering what he could have done to annoy her. His postponed proposal was getting monotonous.

Lady Adela waited until he had sauntered out of sight, looking as nearly sulky as his handsome face ever let him look, and then threw down her book, of which she had read two chapters laboriously without understanding five words.

"Don't cry, Angel, you little goose! You will give yourself a headache. What is it all about?"

"It's him!" said Angel viciously, with a jerk of her head towards the point where her cousin's figure had last been visible, and mercilessly rubbing her hot wet cheeks with a grimy, squeezed up pockethandkerchief. "He's always teasing me, hateful thing! Lady Adela," cried Angel dropping down upon her knees with startling abruptness, "I hate cousin Duke—I do! He's a beast!"

"Angel," exclaimed Adela, hoping that she looked more shocked and less amused than she felt, "you must not talk like that, my dear! It is quite dreadful! What would Lady Oldcastle say if she heard you?"

"I don't care! Besides, she doesn't hear me," muttered Angel rebelliously and unanswerably.

"Well, what would Sir Guy say then?"

"I shn't say it to him," rejoined Angel, pouting. "It was you I said it to; and you don't mind, do you?"

"O! course I do. I don't like to hear a little girl like you use words of that sort."

"Oh, yes," said the child indifferently—"I mean, you didn't mind my saying he was a beast, did you?" Receiving no reply, for Adela was busying herself in smoothing the wild dark hair, she relapsed into an injured vein. "You needn't be cross," she said, tossing her head; "I don't call Guy names ever, and I wouldn't even if I wanted to, because I know you like him best. You do like him best, don't you?"

"Oh, don't, child—you worry me with such perpetual questions!" Adela cried irritably. "Put on your hat and let us go indoors; it must be nearly luncheon time, I am sure, for the morning has seemed a month long; but we must walk slowly, for my head aches wretchedly."

She put on her own hat with a tired, weary gesture, and rose. The brilliant flush had faded, and her cheeks were very wan and white, and the sweet, hazel eyes dull and heavy. Angel, taking notes in her observed, unchildlike way, walked silently at her side in the sedatest of fashions, and took away her book and carried it with a solicitous air. When they reached the house, she kept beside her instead of darting towards the nursery, and so they mounted together to Adela's pretty sitting-room, where the elder girl flung off her hat, sat down and shut her eyes.

For a moment Angel stood and looked at her solemnly.

"Pinkum," she said then, gravely, "her head aches. That's through sitting without her hat where it wasn't shady. You'd better get some sal volatile, and give me the eau-de-Cologne to put on her handkerchief while you bathe her forehead."

"No, no—I don't want anything of the kind!" said Adela, opening her eyes with a peevish little laugh. "My little bit of a headache will go off directly, I dare say. Get me a glass of water, Pinkum, please—I am dreadfully thirsty!" She smiled at Angel's quaint little anxious face, and drew it forward and kissed it—Angel did not object to an occasional caress from her now. "Don't look so woefully grave, Angel dear!" she said kindly. "I am all right. Hadn't you better run away now? I am sure it must be your dinner time. And, Pinkum, you must take a message from me to Lady Oldcastle, please, and ask her to excuse me from coming down to luncheon. I am not at all hungry, and would rather rest. I shall be all right by the evening then. Oh, and mind you say that I hope she is better!"

Angel went off to her dinner with a return kiss—for a wonder—and Pinkum departed with her message.

All through the long sunny hours of the afternoon no one disturbed Adela. She took off her dress, unplaited the long thick masses of her rippling brown hair, and lay down and tried to sleep. But when Pinkum, warned by the first dressing-bell, came stealing in softly as so plump and brisk a woman could, she found her mistress lying awake upon her pillows, with wide dark eyes shining from a very pale little face.

"You didn't sleep then, ma lady!" she said sympathetically.

"No," returned Adela quietly, "I couldn't sleep; but my head is much better, and I am quite ready to dress now. Can you get me a cup of tea, Pinkum? I should like that."

Pinkum procured the tea with all dispatch, and then stood gently brushing her mistress' hair while she drank it. Glancing up as she her down the cup, Adela caught sight of the reflection of her own face in the dressing-glass, and bent forward a little to scan it more closely.

"How pale I look," she said musingly—"almost as if I had been ill—don't I? It is a pity that I haven't a rogue-pot somewhere—I could do with a little just now! Is Lady Oldcastle better, Pinkum?"

Pinkum thought so, but dubiously. The fact was that between Lady Oldcastle's maid and herself a feud existed, and Pinkum had disdained to convey her mistress' message through the medium.

"But she will go down to dinner, surely!" cried Adela, in some alarm, twisting her head away from the hands of the tire-woman.

"Oh, yes, me lady!" returned Pinkum promptly. "Sure I asked Mrs. Uglow when I took your message, and she told me so."

"I'm glad of that!"—and Adela breathed what she knew was a perfectly selfish sigh of relief. "We must make haste, Pinkum!" she added, almost gaily. "There goes the second bell, I think, and I don't want to be late; I have been quite lazy enough already! Hand my pink dress; I can't wear white to-night—it would make me too ghastly."

In spite of the pink dress, her cheeks looked pale and her eyes heavy when she stood in front of the long glass and took a last look at herself; but, after her anxious scrutiny, she turned away with a little low laugh.

"I don't look very forlorn and woe-begone, Pinkum, do I? I hate to go about looking dismal! Isn't that Angel coming? Surely it is! Why, Angel"—as the child dashed in—"whatever are you about, you little madcap! Did you come to ask if my unlucky head was better? It is, dear, much."

"I'm glad!" said Angel, abrupt and breathless. "So's aunt Olivia's, I suppose, because she's just gone down-stairs. Lady Adela, may I stay here and put your drawers tidy, please? I'll do them very nice, and not bother Pinkum a bit, or make a litter—really and truly I won't! May I stay? I can't go anywhere else, you see; there no one in the nursery, because Fanny's down having her tea."

"You may stay if you like, Angel; but I don't think my drawers are in a very dreadful state yet. Why do you say you can't go anywhere else?"

"Because I can't," replied Angel, already pulling out a drawer half full of a rainbow mass of ribbons, pieces of lace, odd gloves, and a heap of other things. "Miss Stone's locked up in her bed-room, and I can't sit in the school-room by myself any more than I can in the nursery."

"Locked up?" Lady Adela echoed quickly. "How is she? Is she ill?"

"Perhaps. I don't know. Perhaps she is, though," said Angel, her voice sinking to a confidential whisper, "because I know she's crying dreadfully. And, Adela, do you know, I think she's going away!"

"Going away!"

Angel drew back and nodded.

"Yes, I do; because I peeped in through the keyhole, and she was packing her boxes—I could see her. I called out to her to let me in, and I'd help, but she wouldn't. You ask Aunt Olivia—she'll tell you, I expect. I shn't be sorry if she does go; she hasn't done anything lately but just cry and cry."

Adela left Angel sitting on the floor by the many-colored heap, and went downstairs with a puzzled, divided, troubled face, wondering. Angel had made her late, and she was late to enter the room. Had Lady Oldcastle been alone, she might have asked some questions; but it was impossible that she should do so before Sir Guy. She felt him look at her—felt that he noticed her pale cheeks; and she gnashed her little teeth angrily—because they at once grew so red.

She was glad that, as usual, he kept quietly aloof from her, and did not attempt to speak during the few moments that they waited for the announcement of dinner. Lady Oldcastle, looking much as she did generally, asked kindly if her head was better; and Duke, who had quite recovered his good temper, was solicitous in his inquiries too. So she had no chance of doing as she would have liked to do and asking Lady Oldcastle if the governess was really going away.

It could only be a fancy of Angel's, she decided; otherwise she must have heard something of it before now. The more she thought of it the more her perplexity increased. She ate her dinner as if in a dream, and looked so absent and gave such irrelevant answers that she was conscious of Lady Oldcastle's eyes being turned more than once towards her in stately surprise.

She was heartily glad when the meal was over, and she could take the first opportunity of stealing out of the drawing-room and getting upstairs to her own room—"to see if Angel were there still," she said to herself.

Angel was not. She had tidied everything she could lay her hands upon, and had been taken to bed by Fanny half an hour before—so Pinkum reported. Adela stood thinking justingly to her for a while—rather sad little jokes they were—and then left the room again—Lady Oldcastle would wonder at her running away. But in the gallery she paused, and stood there with her finger pressed upon her lip, thinking, her cheeks bright enough now to have no need of the pink dress in which she looked so pretty.

She came to a decision with a resolute little toss of the head, and went down the passageway, crossed the square landing with its deep curtained window, and tapped softly at the schoolroom door—so softly that the gentle touch was plainly inaudible, for no answer was returned.

She waited a moment listening, and through the heavy door heard the sound of a stifled sob. The girl frowned and winced from her pale at that; then she softly opened the door and stood within the room.

It was growing dark, but it was not so dark but that she could see the figure of the little governess kneeling by an arm-chair, her fair head lying upon the seat forlornly. She was sobbing bitterly, passionately, chokingly, and moaning and muttering as she sobbed. Adela heard a few of the incoherent words, and the color flamed hotly into her cheeks again as she hurried across the room impulsively and put her hand upon the shoulder of the sobbing girl.

"Don't cry like that!" she said eagerly and gently. "Tell me what is the matter, won't you? Let me help you if I can, you poor little thing!"

She spoke coaxingly, almost caressingly with a pretty protective air. With a faint, frightened cry the startled creature at the sound of her voice and stood looking at her with wide-open eyes in the dusk, trembling in her scared childish way.

"It is you, Lady Adela!" she said, with a gasp of relief. "I thought it was Lady Oldcastle."

"No—only I. Lady Oldcastle is far enough away—nearly asleep too, I dare say. At this time. I knocked at the door but you didn't hear me." It was Adela's turn to falter now. "I—I came because I wondered so what was the matter."

"The matter?" the governess echoed nervously.

"Yes; Angel brought some tale to me about your going away. It is a mistake, is it not? You are not going?"

"Yes,"—in spite of all her efforts, the little governess broke into a great sob again—"I am going early to-morrow morning."

"You are going—suddenly—like this?" Adela cried. "Why, who is sending you away? Who says you must go? It is Lady Oldcastle!"

"Oh, no—oh, no—she does not even know it! It is Sir Guy."

"Sir Guy! He is sending you!" Adela felt as if the dim shadowy room were whirling round her. "Why does he do this?" she demanded, her voice taking an imperious ring. "Tell me!"

For all answer the girl turned from her, and, dropping upon her knees again, hid her face upon the chair-seat in a paroxysm of tears and sobs. Adela stood irresolute for a moment, then knelt down beside her.

"Amy," she said gently, "tell me what this is. I am a girl like you, you know, and not very happy either sometimes. You don't want to go away?"

"Yes, I do," the girl cried passionately—"I do, Lady Adela—I do! I know he is quite right in saying that I must go; and I wish he had done so long since how still! I wish I wouldn't have hurt me so then. Now it will break my heart, I think! Oh, I hope it will! I could die for him!"

In answer to the tightening arm which had stolen round her waist, she turned and, clinging to the other's neck and sobbing still, hid her face upon her shoulder. Adela pushed the soft fair hair off the forehead, and gently kissed the hot wet cheek.

"I don't understand," she said. "Tell me why it will break your heart to go away, and yet you wish to go. Why does Sir Guy send you, and what is it that you wish he had known? Tell me, my dear!"

CHAPTER XVIII.

Bridget Pinkum, although one of the most amiably energetic and active of women when she was awake, was, on her own confession, much given to hug her pillow in the morning—to sleep until the last possible minute. On the following morning however she awoke suddenly, when it was barely half-past seven, and met her mistress' smilingly amused face and laughing hazel eyes—yet those eyes looked as if they had been crying too. Pinkum shut her own to make quite sure she was not dreaming, then opened them again. No, the slender figure in the blue dressing-gown, with the thick rippling brown hair falling to the waist, was very real indeed. Adela laughed, and folded her arms upon the pillow.

"Do you think I'm part of a nightmare, you dear old goose? You look like it. I'm real enough to be hungry unluckily, for it is an hour and a half to breakfast time."

"Is anything the matter then, me lady?" inquired the puzzled Pinkum, pausing herself.

"No; I got up early—that's all. I have been up—oh, a long time—more than an hour! I mean dress now, and go down-stairs and get some biscuits or something. Go to sleep again if you want to; I didn't mean to wake you up."

With this, Lady Adela disappeared through the door of communication. But, for once, Pinkum did not want to go to sleep again. When, at the end of about half an hour, she entered her mistress' room, she found her sitting by the window in her dressing-gown still, her chin upon her hand, as she looked straight over the rugged downs to the golden sea.

"Is that you, Pinkum?" she said, and passed her hand over her eyes and forehead in an absent way. "Here quick you have been! Or I have been dreaming perhaps! Go down, there's a good soul—and see if a cup of tea or coffee is procurable. I shall starve by breakfast-time!"

Pinkum went obediently, and came back presently with a tray on which were toast and coffee. Adela, dressed by that time, ate and drank them hastily, and then turned to the door.

"I shall go out," she said; "I can keep near enough to the house to hear the breakfast bell. My hat? No, I don't want it; the sun is not strong enough to hurt yet."

She did keep very near the house—in fact, she went no farther than the broad path which swept round from the drive towards the stables and past the courtyard outside of Sir Guy's workshop. She was waiting for some one, it seemed, for she looked at her watch and then towards the clock, as though she certainly expected to see some one; and yet, when presently a dogcart came within sight, with a smart brown mare in the shafts, she turned an abrupt corner which completely hid her from the occupant of the cart as he passed. Sir Guy, sitting in it alone, looked both melancholy and stern; he was gazing so intently before him that, if she had remained within view, he would probably not have seen her. He certainly did not expect to see her.

When, after leaving the dog-cart at the stables, he came back slowly on foot, he stared to see the pretty figure with the bare brown hair pacing up and down in the sunlight. Since breakfast on the previous morning she had not spoken six words to him—since she had, later on, come knocking at the school-room door, she had not once let him meet her eyes; but she looked at him now with the sweetest frankness, and gave him her hand with a vivid carnation rising in her cheeks.

"I wanted to see you, Sir Guy," she said, "and so I waited here because I knew you would pass as you went to the stables. You did not miss the train, I hope? I—I was afraid you would." She faltered a little as he looked at her, the surprise he felt shown plainly enough. "Has Miss Stone a very long journey? I hope not, because she seems too timid to travel alone."

"I did not know you were aware she was going," he said, in the direct manner which sounded so blunt to unaccustomed ears. "Did she tell you?"

"I saw her this morning before she went. I did not like the idea of her going away without some one to say good-bye to her, poor girl. Do her people expect her?"

"Yes; I telegraphed."

"And," Adela faltered, looking down as she rolled a pebble beneath her foot, "they will not blame her for leaving here so suddenly, I hope?"

"No; I have taken care of that."

"I am very glad of that. She will soon be glad that she went away, and soon forget, I hope. But she is sure to do that, I think. I little talk with her last night." A little red went on, bravely raising her eyes to the dark intent ones that were watching her, "and, because I am a girl too, I suppose, she did not mind telling me a little more than she meant to stand, you see, and am very glad that she has gone away, although I am sorry for her. It is a great deal better so."

"A great deal."

"Oh, yes, I am sure of that! And now we need not say anything more about her, need we?"

There was no necessity to give him her hand again, but she did so, and knew, as he took it quietly, held it clasped for a moment, and let it fall again, that he understood and accepted an unspoken apology. Then the breakfast bell was audible, and they went in together.

They were not the first in the breakfast-room, for both Lady Oldcastle and Duke were there, and taking together earnestly; but the talk, whatever its subject, broke off on their entrance, and Adela, as she went to her seat, knew that her cheeks were hot. She was beginning to acknowledge to herself that she did understand Lady Oldcastle's little sneer, Duke's jibe; she knew that they had been speaking of her.

The meal passed with nothing to mark it, the talk being cheerful, commonplace, and desultory enough. Duke had strolled outside the open window, where he stood leaning against its frame and talking to Adela, who had left her her chair; Lady Oldcastle, still in her place, was giving a second reading to a letter; and Sir Guy was just gathering up the little pile of envelopes, circulars, and papers which had been his share of the contents of the postbag, preparatory to leaving the room, when a scuffle was heard outside. Angel evidently! No one else screamed with such shrill defiance or assailed Mrs. Uglow the housekeeper so opprobriously.

"I will go and tell her then!" cried the child, "I don't care what you say! I shall go if I like! You let me alone, Mrs. Uglow, you hateful thing! I hate you—hate you! I hate you! I do!" Angel appeared to execute a small dance of passion at this climax. "I hate you more than anybody! I'll bite you if you don't let go of me—I will! There!"

Judging from a spasmodic and sharp exclamation that followed, the young lady had put her threat into execution. In another moment the door opened and Angel dashed in. Adela turned away to hide her smiles, and Lady Oldcastle rose.

"Not one word, Angel—I refuse to listen! You shall be severely punished for this disgraceful behavior. You will come up-stairs with me at once to Miss Stone; I will see that she keeps you entirely in the school-room for the whole of to-day and to-morrow."

Such a speech from such a woman, and delivered with such a look, would certainly have awed most children. Angel opened her black eyes, raised her assertive little chin, and laughed her sharp elfish laugh.

"Umph," she said, "that you won't, aunt Olivia, I know, because she can't!"

"Cannot?"

"No," persisted the child coolly—"she can't—I was coming to tell you when that horrid Mrs. Uglow caught me and wouldn't let me—she can't, because she isn't here; she's gone away."

"Gone away!" Lady Oldcastle ejaculated.

"Yes," repeated Angel, stolidly—"gone away; and all her boxes and things are gone too—so she isn't coming back. I'm glad—she was so stupid! Hasn't she gone away, cousin Guy?"—appealing to him suddenly. "You drove her to the station your own self, didn't you? I know, because Fanny told me."

"Yes. Go away now, child—go!"

(To be Continued.)

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Mother—What? Oh, you wicked, ungrateful girl, after all we have done for you! Mr. De Brass hasn't a penny to bless himself with, and won't have until his father and grandfather die.
Society Belle—The Mr. De Brass I am referring to is the grandfather.
Mother—Oh, bless you, my child!

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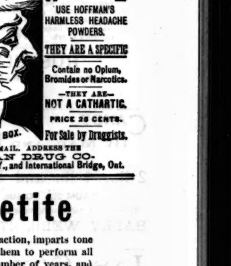

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Personal.

Mrs. Halliday has rented Monreith House and made it one of the most attractive of the summer cottages on the Island.

It is rumored that Mr. Alex. Manning intends to erect a beautiful residence in Queen's Park upon property of which he has the leasehold.

Rev. Mr. Sandwell, the new pastor of Zion Congregational Church, arrived in the city from New Orleans on Wednesday. He was tendered a reception last night.

Rev. Leroy Hooker, pastor of the Metropolitan, will preach next Sunday evening on the Reigns of Solomon and Victoria, comparing the stories of those two periods.

Mr. William Stuart, B. A. of Queen's University, who is totally blind, stood first on the pass and honor list of the first intermediate law examinations held at Osgoode Hall this week. The graduates of Queen's in the city intend to hold a reunion in honor of Mr. Stuart.

The popularity of Mayor Clarke was proven by the crowd of prominent citizens who bade him good-bye at the train on Tuesday last, when he and Treasurer Coady departed on their mission to England. He will probably be absent a couple of months, and the trip will doubtless do him good. He needed a rest.

Rev. Canon and Mrs. DuMoulin, with Rev. J. K. Powell, the assistant rector of St. James' Cathedral, sail from Montreal—via Dominion Line—for Liverpool next Tuesday. The Canon and Mrs. DuMoulin will be absent for the summer. Mr. Powell returns home to England. On Sunday he severs his connection with S. James', after a year and a half ministering to its people, to whom he has endeared himself by his parish work.

Out of Town.

BARRIE.

The Barrie Lawn Tennis Club opened its lawn for the season on Wednesday, May 22, when all members were invited to be present. Ladies' days will be on Tuesday and Friday afternoons and evenings in each week as formerly—Monday and Thursday mornings being set apart for them to practice. This is very considerate of the gentlemen of the club, as the ladies are honorary members. These privileges will be much appreciated and enjoyed by them. The lawn never looked better than it does at present, and a good season is anticipated.

Great preparations were made for the 24th of May, by the Barrie Amateur Athletic Association, in the way of amusements, etc., but it all came off too late to take note of in this week's issue. Probably I will be able to give an account the following week.

Mr. George Moberly of Collingwood was in town last week. OCULATRE.

The Bishop and the Boy.

"What are you doing here, my lad?"

"Tending swine, sir."

"How much do you get?"

"One florin a week, sir."

"I also am a shepherd," continued the Bishop, "but I have a much better salary."

"Fat my boy; but then I suppose you have more hogs under your care." The shepherd was about retiring when the boy continued: Sar, can God do anything?"

"Yes, my boy."

"Can he make a two year-old colt in two minutes?"

"Why," said the astonished Bishop, "he would not wish to do that, my boy."

"But if he did want to, could he?" insisted the boy.

"Yes, certainly, if he wished to."

"What, in two minutes."

"Well, then, he wouldn't be two years old, would he?" The Bishop collapsed.

A Long Time Between Kisses.

Mistress—Babette, I saw my husband kiss you this morning.

Babette—Y-y-yes, ma'am; he kissed me for my mother.

Mistress—Babette, does he kiss you very often 'for your mother.'

Babette—No, ma'am; he hadn't kissed me before in two days.

I Owe You.

Mrs. Owemall—The trouble with you is, that you want to run everything with a big I, sir.

Mr. Owemall—Well, if you had your way, madame, you would soon have things running with a biz—owe.

Grocery man (placing a saddle of mutton on the table)—Yes, and you both would stick me for the—ewe.

The Old Man Was Fly.

"Absolom, my son, what was that note the messenger just brought you?" inquired old man Hardtagne.

"Nothing in particular, father, only a billet-doux from a friend."

"Indeed? How much did he say there was doux?"

Where They Might Economize.

Bigley—I hear that Mrs. Mosenthal has presented you with twins, Solomon.

Mr. Mosenthal—Yes, it was a fact, twin boys or I'm a liar.

Bigley—Maybe is quite an expense, eh?

Mr. Mosenthal—Yes, but dere's vone good thing I thought of. Ds same photograph will do for little likey or little Jakey; dey look so mooch alike.

Ontario Jockey Club, Woodbine Park

Friday, Queen's Birthday and Saturday, May 25

Ten Flat Races and Three Steeplechases

Street Cars will run every four minutes to the track. Buses for sale at J. E. Ellis & Son, cor. King and Yonge, and Queen's Hotel, and the Rossin House. On Queen's Birthday at Butler's Cigar Store, No. 67 Yonge street.

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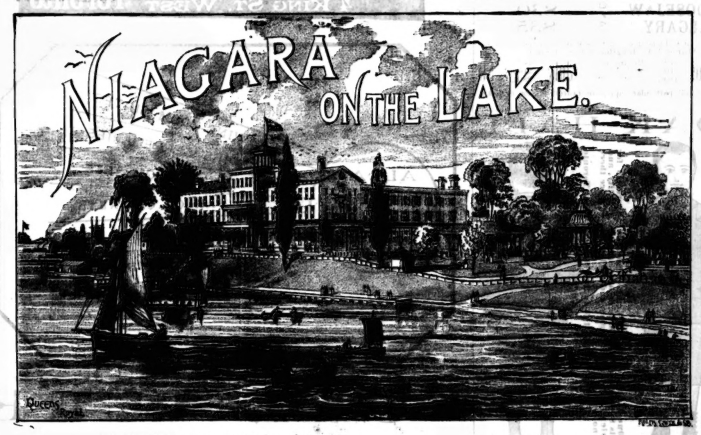

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Births.

BOOMER—On April 25, at Toronto, Mrs. James Boomer—a daughter.
DAMER—On May 11, at Toronto, Mrs. John Damer—a son.
KINGSBURY—On May 14, at Toronto, Mrs. C. R. Kingsbury—a son.
NICHOLSON—On May 10, at Toronto, Mrs. F. H. Nicholson—a son.
McCRIMMON—On May 14, at Kincardine, Mrs. John McCrimmon—a son.
HODGETTES—On May 4, at Toronto, Mrs. Thomas Hodgettes—a son.
ALLEN—On May 17, at Toronto, Mrs. W. E. Allen—a son.
CRICKMORE—On May 18, at Toronto, Mrs Edwin Crickmore—a daughter.
THOMSON—On May 11, at Toronto, Mrs. John Ironside Thomson—a son.
CAVANAGH—On May 19, at Toronto, Mrs. Alexander Cavanagh—a daughter.
ASHBURY—On May 16, at Drayton, County Wellington, Mrs. R. H. D. Ashbury—a son.
WILDER—On May 18, at Little York, Mrs. Frank Wilder—a son.
PRIOR—On May 19, at Toronto, Mrs. Frederick J. Prior—a son.
HEWSON—On May 19, at Cobourg, Mrs. A. J. Hewson—son.
CONOLLY—On May 17, at Montreal, Mrs. W. Loring Conolly—a daughter.
BRYDON—On May 20, at Collingwood, Mrs. James Brydon—a son.
KENT—On May 19, at Toronto, Mrs. Walter W. Kent—a son.
STOUT—On May 15, at Toronto, Mrs. W. S. Stout—a son.

Marriages.

INES—DOUGLAS—On May 15, at Newcastle, John H Ines of Lindsay, to Viola Mabel Douglas.
KENT—MARTIN—On May 13, at Toronto, John Gowans Kent to Margaret E. Martin.
MATTHEWS—SPIERS—On May 16, Harry Matthews, C. E., of Perth, to Julia Boswell Spiers.
GILCHRIST—LEVACK—On May 16, at Toronto, John C. Gilchrist to Lizzie Selina Levack.
CHILCOTT—ROACH—On May 16, at Morrison, George Chilcott of West Gwillimbury, to Harriet Roach.
SANGSTER—MORTSON—On May 14, at Oak Ridges, John Alexander Sangster of Port Perry, to Alice Irene Mortson.
SUTHERLAND—BOWDEN—On May 15, at Newmarket, Walter S. Sutherland to Annie Bowden.

Deaths.

CRICHTON—On May 17, at Toronto, Eva Jane Crichton, aged 18 years.
GLENDINNING—On May 16, at Ellesmere, Mrs. Jean Stobo Glendinning, aged 81 years.
NOVERRE—On May 16, at Toronto, Mrs. Jemima Harrington Noverre.
McKAY—On May 16, at Toronto, Alma Gertrude McKay.
McKENZIE—At Toronto, Mrs. Cunning McKenzie.
O'HALLORAN—On May 17, at Toronto, Mrs. Jas. O'Halloran, aged 22 years.
MURRAY—On May 17, at Glenwilliams, Mrs. John Murray, aged 60 years.
WALLACE—On May 15, at Ravenswood, Ill., Mary Grant Wallace of Whitby, Ont.
MANN—On May 11, at Baltimore, Wm. F. Mann, aged 35 years.
VAN NORMAN—On May 18, at Toronto, Winnifrid Joy Van Norman, aged 10 years.
MOSEY—On May 18, at Toronto, Mrs. Wm. H. Mosey, aged 60 years.
MAY—On May 18, at Toronto, William H. May, aged 30 years.
DANCY—On May 19, at Toronto, Henry Nehemiah Dancy, aged 78 years.
KERNAGHAN—On May 19, at Toronto, Wm. Kernaghan, aged 34 years.
MILLIGAN—On May 18, at Toronto, Frederick Milligan, aged 9 years.
MUNSHAW—On May 18, at Toronto, Mrs. Hanna M. Anderson Munshaw of Richmond Hill, aged 59 years.
GRAHAM—On May 16, at Detroit, Mrs. Peter W. Graham of Toronto.
CLARK—On May 20, at Toronto, John Clark, aged 56 years.
CRAIG—On May 3, at Ashcroft, British Columbia, John Craig, aged 54 years.
TOLTON—On May 18, at Skeleton River, Muskoka, Benjamin Tolton, aged 17 years.
CLUTTERBUCK—On May 6, at Cheltenham, Eng., Mrs. Mary Ann Clutterbuck of Barton House, Gloucester.

A great many of the ladies and gentlemen of this city, intending to visit the great Paris Exhibition, are following the special courses instituted to this effect by the Berlitz School of Languages, 81 King street east.

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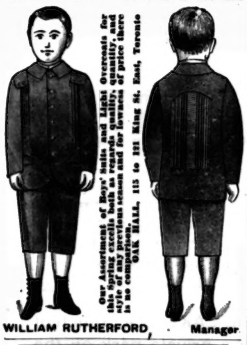

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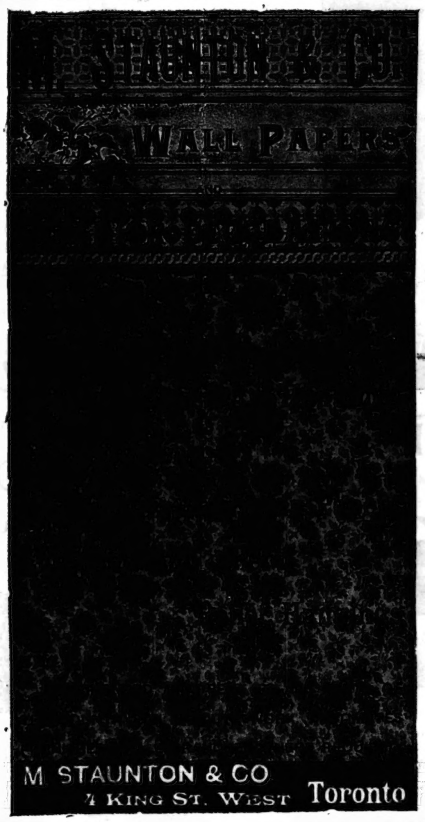

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